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THE GANNETT & MORSE CONCERN
AUGUSTA, MAINE



\$100.00 PRIZE STORIES \$100.00

The following conditions will hereafter govern the awarding of cash prizes for Nutshell Stories, and the manuscripts of such writers only as have complied with all these requirements will receive consideration.

All the necessary particulars being here clearly set forth, it will be useless for any one to seek further information or personal favors by addressing the editor, as such letters cannot be answered.

1. Only persons who are regular yearly subscribers to "Comfort" and who send with every manuscript at least two new yearly subscribers (together with 25 cents for each subscriber so sent) may compete for the prizes.

2. All contributions must have the number of words they contain plainly noted thereon in addition to the writer's full name and address with nom de plume if desired; must be written on one side of the paper only, addressed to EDITOR NUTSHELL STORY CLUB care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

3. All stories must be strictly original with the contributors who may write upon any subject, whether based upon fact, fancy or fiction—of adventure, love, war, peace; of city or country life, or of experiences on land or sea—but no story must contain more than 1,500 or less than 1,000 words.

4. NO MANUSCRIPT WILL BE RETURNED UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES AND COMPETITORS SHOULD THEREFORE RETAIN A COPY OF WHAT THEY SEND.

5. The writer of the best original story will receive \$30 cash; of the second best, \$25 cash; of the third best, \$20 cash; of the fourth best, \$15 cash; and of the fifth best, \$10 cash. Remittances will be sent by check as soon as awards have been made.

The Publishers of "Comfort" reserve the right to purchase at their established rates any stories submitted under the foregoing offer, which failed to secure a prize.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR AUGUST.

William G. Patten, First Prize.

Kenyon West, Second Prize.

Mrs. Addie C. Topham, Third Prize.

Lillie Woodzelle Campbell, Fourth Prize.

NOTE.—After this, five cash prizes amounting to \$100.00 will be awarded every month as explained in the conditions printed above.

THE MYSTERY OF A DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY WILLIAM G. PATTEN.

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N my life rests the shadow of one great mystery.

I never think of that dreadful night without a shudder of horror, brought to me by the thought, that, possibly my hands may be stained by the blood of a fellow creature,

who was found murdered in his bed.

The recurring memory has prematurely whitened my hair and brought a haunted look to my eyes. I am not an habitual sleep-walker, but I would give all my earthly possessions to be convinced I did not leave my chamber between the hours of 11 P. M., April 13th, and 5 o'clock the following morning, nine years ago.

I was utterly wearied and worn out by a hard day's labor when I retired to rest, for I was one of the unfortunate reporters employed on a struggling afternoon paper, every man of whom was made to hustle and do the work of three. I had covered two fires, a cable car catastrophe,

Chinatown stabbing, and an elopement; but as the two last mentioned were "beats," I indulged myself with a little after dinner round with "the boys" and went to bed feeling wobbly in the legs and quite well satisfied with myself.

As I was tired and not a little stupid from the heavy dinner and the wine, I fell asleep readily, and must have slept soundly for a time. At length, I seemed to awaken with a strong desire to arise and leave the house. I got up and dressed myself, seemingly governed by a will other than my own. I took out my watch and looked at it, suddenly remembering I had not wound it on retiring. It was twenty-three minutes past 2 o'clock. I wound it then.

Quietly leaving my room, I went out upon the streets, which lay lonely and deserted in that quarter, only echoing, now and then, to the footsteps of some belated pedestrian, or a prowling night-owl. I started to walk in one direction, but the singular influence that had led me to leave my comfortable bed turned me square about, and caused me to take an opposite course.

I walked on and on until the streets were no longer straight and regular and the houses precise and respectable. Instead, the streets were narrow and crooked, dark alleys lay on every hand, and the buildings were of the most wretched type. The figures which skulked along through the shadows seemed creatures of the night, such as honest people should shun. I was in the slums.

Down a strange street of ramshackle houses I went.

Ascending some staggering steps, I pushed open a door with a broken panel and made my way up a shaky flight of stairs. I entered a room that was dimly lighted by a smoking oil lamp. There were a few pieces of broken furniture, and on a bed in one corner slept a man who wore a close-cropped coal-black beard.

The moment I saw that sleeping man I was seized with a fearful fury—an uncontrollable desire to leap upon him and crush out his life. It seemed that he had done me an unpardonable wrong at some past period, and in my heart was a fierce thirst for vengeance.

I could not control my mad impulse. Grasping a heavy bottle by the neck, I flung my-



self on the man. I caught him by the throat so he could not cry out, and then I beat him with the bottle. It was a fearful struggle, but in the end he lay still and lifeless before me.

Out upon the street I crept. I felt no remorse for my act; only a wild exultation and satisfaction. Yet I knew I was kin of the dark shadows which skulked close to the dirty walls and shunned the light of the feebly fluttering lamps. Back to my lodging house I went, en-

bled from my hands, removed my clothes and crept into bed.

When I awoke in the morning, there was a dull pain in my head. This I did not consider strange on thinking of my late dinner and the wine which had followed it. I disliked to get up, but, remembering my duties, I arose, taking a quick glance at my watch. It was not running. I shook it, and it refused to start. Then I tried to wind it, but in this I failed. It had stopped at twenty-three minutes past 2 o'clock!

Then, all at once, I remembered my dream, for a dream it seemed, although a vivid one. For an instant, I was shocked, but, thinking of the late dinner, I quickly dismissed the matter. However, as I was dressing, I noticed on the right cuff of my shirt a single red splotch that looked like blood.

I didn't eat much breakfast. On my way to the office, I stepped into a watchmaker's and told him something was broken about my timepiece. He examined it, quickly saying:

"There's nothing broken. It is simply wound too tight. It did not run half a minute after you wound it up."

This was a staggerer. Had I really wound the watch in a dream? If so, what about the remainder of the dream?

When I reached the office, the city editor dispatched me at once to investigate a reported murder on J— street. I hurried thither. As I turned down the street, which I was ready to swear I had never before set foot in, I observed things looked familiar about me. It did not take me long to reach the number, and there I found a crowd assembled. My press badge let me past the police on guard at the door which, to my dismay, had a broken panel.

As I ascended to the fatal room, the stairs shook and creaked beneath my feet in a way that brought back the memory of my terrible dream with appalling vividness. When I reached the top, I instinctively turned to the left and entered the room. It was the same!—the same broken furniture was there!—the same miserable bed was in the corner!

I knew what I would see when I advanced toward that bed. Still, when my eyes rested on the battered head of a black-bearded man, beside whom lay a heavy bottle that had been used to accomplish the terrible deed, I reeled back, uttered a loud cry and fell to the floor.

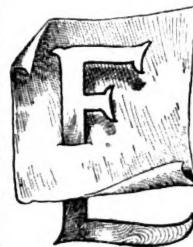
The two weeks which followed are a blank to me. They said it was brain fever, brought on by overwork and exposure. When I told them I murdered that man, they tried to quiet me, saying the delirium of the fever had not entirely passed away. The murderer, who was the unfortunate man's roommate, had been found floating, a corpse, in the river, according to the newspapers. He had not confessed to the killing, but other parties in the house testified to hearing an altercation and a struggle in that room between 2 and 3 o'clock in the night.

To me the mystery of that night is as profound and fearful as ever. Did I dream? Or did I walk in my sleep? Is it possible that, governed by a will not my own, I made my way to that house and committed the murder? How did it happen that my watch was wound up so tightly it stopped at twenty-three minutes past 2 o'clock? Was it really blood I saw on the cuff of my shirt? As I have said, I would give all my earthly possessions to know I had no hand in the perpetration of that crime. I try to ease my troubled mind by thinking it possible, if I really walked in my sleep, that I entered that room, saw the murdered man and fancied my-

AN UNWILLING DETECTIVE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY KENYON WEST.

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VERY one knows Burton Park in Rochester, New York; its fine old-fashioned houses standing at the back of noble, lofty trees through which the sunlight falls upon velvet lawns and terraces; the exquisite effect of light and shade and play of color making the place in

summer surpassingly beautiful.

It has seemed strange to many in the city that one of the largest houses in the Park has remained vacant ever since last summer. Truly the effect of the dismal, empty house has been anything but beautiful—the blinds tightly closed, the snow covered veranda untrodden by feet of tramp or visitor or postman; some days the snow, even, being left in drifts on the sidewalk in front to excite the ire of the passerby.

We all felt sorry to have the Bentleys leave, but fortune had been relentless and their old home was now owned by the Dovedale Bank, and, strange to say, up to the occurrence of the events I am about to relate no purchaser for it had been found.

We who lived next door felt the loneliness of the old house keenly at first; but gradually we grew accustomed to the closed blinds, to the darkness and the silence.

My library window commanded a good view of the entire south side of the empty house; and, as it stood a little further back than my own house, its front windows also were exposed to our scrutiny whenever we chose to look out.

Often, as I turned off my gas at night, I would pause to look out at the dark shadow looming up close to my library window. At last every aspect of the old house became so familiar that I could have easily told if any change had been made during the day, even if a blind had been opened and closed again.

I had been writing letters one evening, quite late, when my wife came in and said: "The wind is roaring very loud to-night, Philip, I think I will not go up stairs till you are ready."

"Very well, dear," I replied, "I will go at once. But that is not all the wind that makes that noise. The river must be very high to-night. I shouldn't wonder if by morning more ice would break loose. Say, suppose we go for a walk and see it; the effect will be sublime this dark, tempestuous night."

Nothing loath, my wife seized her things and we set out.

Ten minutes later we were standing beside the Genesee, near Court St. Bridge. My wife firmly grasped my arm to steady herself in the rushing, mighty wind, while the loud swirl of the roaring water, as it dashed against the banks, and hurled itself down beneath the bridge, and on towards the aqueduct, almost drowned our voices.

The night was very dark, the air damp and chill. Nevertheless the rushing, roaring water, full of blocks of ice, which clanked and banged against the buttment of the bridge; the whistling wind; the far-off twinkle of the city lights; all tended to lend to the whole a

It was not till after midnight that we thought of returning to our home.

The few men who had at first been our companions had long since departed and we were quite alone on the bridge. As we turned from looking at the rapids, my wife's hand convulsively grasped my arm, and, in a stifled whisper, she exclaimed: "Look Philip! Oh! what is that?"

We were standing in deep shadow, but it seemed



lighter down by the aqueduct, the glow from the St. Paul Street lights help-

ing to make objects there faintly discernible. Almost at the instant my wife spoke I saw the forms of two men outlined upon the aqueduct; they were struggling together, and suddenly, as we caught our breath in excitement, one of them lost his footing and fell down, down into the rushing flood beneath, and his body was borne, amid the crushing, cruel ice, on towards the Lower Falls.

I cannot describe the mental strain of the subsequent weeks.

The newspapers dealt with every phase of the tragedy which haunted our waking and sleeping visions. It is needless to recall any of the details to my readers, except to speak of the fact which was brought out at the inquest, that the man found among the ice, at the foot of the Falls, had been last seen in the company of a friend whom he had deeply wronged; that the two had been heard engaged in a passionate argument; and on the very night on which I had been witness of a terrible deed, this friend had disappeared and no trace had yet been discovered of his hiding place. I volunteered no information in regard to my presence at the river, and much to our relief no one apparently knew of it.

Meanwhile I got interested in my work and remained at my desk a great part of every day. The empty house looming up opposite my window remained the same. It was never visited by would-be purchasers, and, strange to say, the owners seemed to manifest no desire to give it necessary air; the windows were never opened, the blinds remaining all the time tightly closed. Once or twice a man appeared on the roof to shovel off the snow, but he got there by means of a ladder placed against the outside, and, when the work was done, he took his ladder and departed.

One evening, just before retiring, I stepped forward to turn out my gas—my shades were up—when I noticed footprints in the snow, between the house and my own. The space was flooded with light from my gas jet and I could distinctly see that these footprints began at the cellar window. Not attaching any importance to this at the time I inferred that they were made by the man who had that very day shovelled snow from the roof; but I afterwards found that he had not entered the area between the houses.

The next morning it seemed to me that the blinds directly opposite my window stood just about an inch ajar, and there were certainly footprints outside, though a clumsy attempt had evidently been made to obliterate them.

After that my wife and I grew interested in watching the house. At first we thought it had perhaps been sold, but, as no blinds were thrown open, we gave up the idea.

One rainy morning my wife asked me if I heard Beal's grocery wagon in the park to tell her, as she could give her order to the boy and thus save a journey out in the wet. In about an hour I heard the boy's shrill "whoa," and signalled him to go around to the kitchen. As I returned to my desk I saw a hand resting upon the ledge of the cellar window opposite. Withdrawing within the shadow of the curtain, I then saw a man's head emerge from the narrow space, the eyes glancing furtively up at my window, then up and down the area and into the deserted street. Then quick as a flash the man's whole form sprang out the window. He ran to the market wagon, extracted from it two parcels lying on the top of others, then he slid back between the houses, threw the parcels in the window and climbed in himself, drawing the blind close again; then all remained as before.

The market boy, cheerily whistling, came out, climbed up on his seat, and the horse started off, neither dreaming of what had just taken place.

"Can it be possible," thought I, "that a human being is concealed there in that cold dark place and is absolutely starving while I—"

I broke off there and went in search of my wife.

I thereupon we both fell to watching the mysterious house closely for signs of life within. Not wishing to harm the poor wretch, whose thin pale face haunted me, by calling the attention of others to him I made no effort to get the key and personally investigate; but I placed parcels of food within the ledge of the cellar window, out of sight of the street. They remained there for several days, then disappeared. Once I saw the same thin hand reach out and take them.

Soon after that we noticed the sunshine streaming into the empty house by means of windows thrown wide open. Going around to the front door I found it also open and entered.

A gentleman whom I knew to be one of the directors of the Dovedale Bank stood in the hall and greeted me. "We are showing the house to Mr. Travers, with a view to purchasing it," he explained, "but it is so confoundingly damp and close we can scarcely breathe." He further said that he would be most happy if I would accompany them around the different rooms. With a beating heart I followed them everywhere, even opened closet doors which they seemed inclined to pass. No trace whatever of the fugitive! Could he have climbed out upon the roof when he heard the unwanted commotion, or had he slipped out and gone?

Keeping silence in regard to the object of my presence there I chose to let the gentlemen attribute it to idle curiosity and bade them adieu. When they left, the house was closed as before. The next day they returned. This time I walked up and down my library restless and uneasy. When the gentlemen emerged they came to my door and rang the bell. I hastened into the hall. "You will have a very agreeable neighbor in Mr. Travers," the director said affably; "he has decided to buy the house; but he feels that on one point he would like your opinion. Did you ever hear the Bentleys say anything in regard to the furnace? Did it heat the house well? You know so much about mechanics, Professor Burke, would you mind going back with us and looking at the furnace pipes, and so on?"

Seizing my overcoat I went at once with the others. Arrived down in the cellar a candle was lit, and we approached the furnace, its black dusty shape looming up weirdly in the semi-darkness.

"I will have a fire built to-morrow to dry out the house," said the director, "meanwhile you can see, Travers, that the thing is of a late make, the bricks are well cemented and the concrete floor—"

The speaker was interrupted by that which made him start back in sudden surprise and terror. The immense door of the furnace opened from within, and the form of a man fell through it at our feet. His face, hands, hair, and clothes were black with soot and streaked with ashes; but we could see that the face was refined, and but for its strange thinness might have been even beautiful.

There is little more to be told. In my warm library, fed slowly with brandy, the man revived somewhat, but he could not speak. We saw that the

stupendous energy which had supported him through these frightful weeks of loneliness, remorse, and suffering was gradually leaving him; that the will power, which had made him capable of punishing with death the friend who had wronged him, was now grown weak, since he knew that all hope was over for him.

"Won't you tell me all about it my poor fellow?" asked Mr. Travers with a tremble in his voice; and my wife sobbed aloud.

The next moment the pale face of the stranger grew still paler and he sank back in Mr. Travers' arms—dead.

A TALE OF TWO DOUGHNUTS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY MRS. ADDIE C. TOPHAM.

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HEY lay in Tommy Jones' dinner-pail, and Tommy was thinking longingly of them as he toiled up the long flights of stairs to the top of the big Boston warehouse, to finish his Monday morning's cleaning on the upper floor.

He met the proprietor on the way—"old Smith"

the clerks called him, though he wasn't an old man by any means.

Tommy thought how differently he would do things if only he had all that money. To begin with, he would speak to a boy that he met on his stairs, if he was only the general slavey of the establishment. Then he would get more fun out of all those thousands than by living alone in that great house on Commonwealth Avenue, with no one to speak to but a cross-eyed old housekeeper, who was even sorer than her master.

Tommy went to sweeping, absorbed in dreams of what he would do with "Old Smith's" money, and "Old Smith" himself went slowly down to the first floor.

Tommy's dinner-pail caught his eye, and he wondered whose it was, and what was in it. Lifting the cover, he saw two great golden brown doughnuts, lying on a clean white napkin.

"Old Smith's" mouth watered. He hadn't seen such doughnuts since he lived at home, and his mother made that very same kind—his mother and one other, and his heart ached dully at the thought of that other, and how, through her, he was living his lonely, loveless life.

Mechanically he examined the other contents of the pail. Two very thick slices of bread and butter, and a piece of cheese. "Old Smith" wanted that lunch; he hadn't felt so hungry for anything for fifteen years. He hesitated and was lost. Taking the pail, he sneaked into his private office, locked the door, and deliberately made way with the last crumb.

It tasted as good as it looked, and he wished there had been another doughnut.

Now, however, there was a penalty ahead, for, indifferent as he might be to the world in general, even he could not steal a poor boy's dinner, and not make some return. He knew it must belong to the boy with the broom, so he carried back the empty pail, and sat down to wait for Tommy.

The noon whistle blew, and Tommy came whistling down the stairs, and made a bee-line for his pail. He lifted the cover, and the listener heard an exclamation of wrath.

"By gosh! I'll make it hot for the jay that's put this up on me."

"Boy!" said a voice behind him, and Tommy turned to face his employer. "Is that your dinner-pail?"

"Yes sir."

"Very well, get your hat and come with me for some dinner. The fact is, yours looked so good, I ate it myself."

Tommy's eyes bulged out. To think of the great man, who, every day, feasted on the fat of the land, wanting his humble luncheon, was too much for him! Mr. Smith felt foolish, too. He knew he ought to explain further, but he wasn't used to boys, and he stalked silently on, till, before the bewildered Tommy realized his surroundings, he was seated at one of the tables of the great dining-room at Young's Hotel, and told to go through the bill-of-fare if he liked, and take plenty of time.

"Serve the boy just as you would me, Sam," Mr. Smith said to the waiter, "and charge it to my account. I shall want no lunch to-day."

He was turning away, but Tommy jumped from his seat, and, forgetting, in his earnestness, his awe of his employer, laid his hand imploringly one his sleeve:

"Please, Mr. Smith, I don't mind a bit going without any dinner, and would you be willing to let me have what this would cost, instead?"

He didn't mean to say any more, but, when he saw the frown gathering on the face above him, he rushed falteringly on:

"I would so much rather have the money to treat mother and Elsie to ice cream Sunday afternoon, than eat the best dinner in the world."

The frown faded, and there was a lump in the man's throat, as he gazed into the boy's flushed face.

"You shall have your ice cream treat besides, my boy," he said. "Order all you fancy, and come to the office when you have finished, I want to talk to you."

Then Tommy settled to business.

"I don't know what comes first, or anything, Sam," he told the waiter, "but you just fetch a tip-top dinner, and I'll get outside of it."

Sam did.

Tomato soup, salmon and peas, roast turkey, egg pudding, ice cream, fruit, and coffee. Tommy helped himself to a toothpick at the end, and wished the spirit might move



"Old Smith" to exchange dinners often.

And "Old Smith" sat in his office thinking strange thoughts for him.

Why did that boy interest him so? He could see again the eager look in the brown eyes, as he asked if he might have what his dinner would cost. Did all brown eyes look alike? or was there an expression in those like—and then he pulled himself together with a start, for Tommy stood hesitating in the doorway.

Both surprised themselves in the talk that followed.

Mr. Smith, that he could feel a real human interest in anything outside his business, and Tommy, to find how easily he could talk and tell his humble little history to the great man he had always stood in awe

of. He even found himself talking of his father, a subject the boy always avoided.

"I hated him, Mr. Smith, and I was glad when they brought him home dead. That was five years ago, and we've had hard pulling since, but we've been happy together. He would come home ugly drunk, and break the dishes, because there was no meat, and no money for any. And he would strike baby Elsie because she cried; strike mother too, sometimes, and twist her of wishing she had her 'dear John' back, and call himself a fool for breaking up the match by writing a letter in her handwriting that sent her idiot of a lover out west without asking any questions. And then about his making mother believe the other man was tired of her, and—"

"Tommy!" almost shouted his employer, "what was your mother's name before your father married her?"

"Helen Rogers, sir," answered the boy, wonderingly.

"Good God!" and Mr. Smith dropped like a log in his chair. "What a fool I have been all these long years."

Half an hour afterward, Tommy, with Mr. Smith at his heels, raced up the long flights of stairs, and threw open the door of the little room where his mother sat sewing.

"John!"

"Helen!"

And then "Old Smith" sent Tommy and Elsie out to treat themselves to ice cream.

They all live in the big house now, and the good times Tommy once thought ought to be in that house, are happening every day.

ZEB.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY LILLIE WOODZELLE CAMPBELL.

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IT was a damp misty day among the New England hills. There had been a sudden thaw, melting the winter snows in patches, and causing the mountain streams to surge angrily along their rocky beds.

But in Mrs. Prescott's clean kitchen there was no trace of the chill without. Mrs. Prescott herself stood by the long table busily ironing. She was a thin, hard-featured woman, wearing a tired look. She had risen long before day, and prepared breakfast for the farm hands and made ready for school a bevy of noisy children.

Then there had been milking and churning to do, with dinner to cook and send to her husband and the men at the sugar camp, half a mile off.

All was done now and Mrs. Prescott wearily began the weekly ironing, wondering if she could finish before supper-time.

Four year old Benny sat on the floor endeavoring to harness pussy, with bits of string, to an old cigar box. His startled exclamation of "Mamma, mamma!" caused Mrs. Prescott to look up.

A lank, overgrown negro lad stood in the doorway. He was miserably clad; but took off his brimless hat with the salutation:

"Maw'nin' Mum!"

Most northern people have a natural horror of the African race and Mrs. Prescott was no exception.

"What brought you here?" she sharply exclaimed.

"I'd like 't'ot by de fire a minute, Misses."

"No, you shan't, I've no room in my kitchen for a nasty nigger. Take yourself off."

"Ise drefle hungry, Missis."

"Go away, you lazy good-for-nothing!"

"I kin chop wood mum, er fetch water if you'll gimme sumpin' eat."

"Yes, I'll be bound you will. You niggers are a grateful lot. You're sneakin' round to find something to steal and I'll not give you a crumb. Go away this instant, or I'll call the dogs."

This threat was sufficient, and the boy turned away.

Blue-eyed Bennie had crept, unnoticed, from the room and ran after the boy, with his pink pinafore gathered about his waist.

"Top an' wait," he cried, "I bring oo tum apples."

The hungry boy's eyes sparkled as he eagerly gathered six great red apples from Bennie's apron and put them in his ragged pockets.

"Tankey," he said, gratefully, laying his long fingers for a second on Bennie's yellow curls.

A few minutes later Bennie had dragged his high chair close to the table, where his mother worked, and climbed into it.

"Mamma, why didn't you div ze boy tum bread?"

"Don't bother, Bennie."

"Is niggers bad, Mamma?"

"Yes."

"What made ze boy brack, Mamma?"

"Hush! Bennie."

Bennie sat silent a moment, regarding his mother as she carefully smoothed the wrinkles from his father's Sunday shirt.

"Zat pitty an' clean," he said, planting his little dirty hand full on the spotless front.

"Oh, Bennie, you bad boy!" cried his mother, angrily slapping the baby fingers. Bennie's eyes filled with tears as he tucked the offending hand under his pinafore, and watched his mother dip a cloth in water and vainly try to wipe the little finger prints from the snowy linen.

"Mamma," he presently said, "tant I do to de tooty tump?"

"No."

"Why, Mamma?"

"Because it's raining."

"Wasn't wainy, den I tould do, touldn't I?"

"I reckon so," replied his mother, absently.

Bennie slipped from his high chair and out of the room.

"It aint wainy at all," he soliloquized, standing on the back steps, "an' I'm doin' bad Papa."

Mrs. Prescott was very busy and did not miss the child for an hour; then she searched the house, thinking he had fallen asleep somewhere; then she went outside and called, but no answer. A sudden fear seized her. What if Bennie had tried to find the sugar camp and fallen in the creek!

Bareheaded she rushed from the house and sought the creek; but standing on the wet foot-bridge that spanned the little stream, she dared not look into the rushing tumbling water, lest she should see Bennie's pink pinafore and yellow curls.

On she sped, not pausing a moment till she reached the sugar camp. Mr. Prescott dropped, in amazement, the long handled ladle with which he was skimming the boiling sap.

"What is it wife?" he asked. "Is Bennie here?"

"Bennie," she cried, wildly. "Is Bennie here?"

Bennie had not been there, and Mr. Prescott, with two of the men started homeward to search for him.

The poor mother, forgetting she was tired, kept pace with the men.

"Bennie has not crossed the bridge," said the father, when they had reached the creek, "for here is his little track in the mud. He has turned down stream."

Something like hope stirred Mrs. Prescott's breast as they followed the little footprints steadily onward. They led dangerously near the water's edge, and once—the mother's heart stood still—one little foot had slipped partially over the bank in the soft mud.



As they turned a bend of the stream, they saw a lank figure approaching them with something in his arms, and Mrs. Prescott recognized the negro tramp she had driven hungry from her door that afternoon. The poor boy's teeth were chattering and the water was dripping from his scanty clothing.

Mr. Prescott strode eagerly forward, and took Bennie, wet and unconscious, from the black boy's arms.

"When I first see 'is yaller head an' 'is little red aporn, he wuz stoopin' over de bank slappin' de water wif a stick. I started to him; but, land sakes! 'fore I got dar he retch too fur an' in he went, kersplash! Laws-a-massy! How I heeled it! When I got dar I see nothin' but de black water, den he ris up an' I jumped in. He like ter got away. De water drefle swift; but hi, I kotch him!" and the boy tossed his brimless hat high in the air.

Mrs. Prescott burst into tears.

Bennie was not drowned; a vigorous rubbing and a hot vapor bath restored him to consciousness and Mrs. Prescott, with full heart, sought the kitchen where the negro boy crouched by the fire.

With her own hands she mixed him a cup of hot brandy and water and brought him some warm, dry clothing.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Zeb," replied the boy.

"I don't know how to thank you, Zeb, for saving my baby's life after I had driven you, cold and hungry, from my door."

"He's a little angel, missis, an' I was drefle hungry; I could hardly go no furder'n here. He come runnin' after me, a-fetchin' me apples—Lord, mum, but they wuz good, an' big, an' red," and Zeb smacked his lips.

"Did Bennie give you apples?"

"Yis'm."

Mrs. Prescott's eyes filled with tears.

"My little boy is a better Christian than his mother; and even this ignorant tramp is teaching me gratitude and forgiveness," she said to herself.

When Zeb started on his journey, the following morning, it was with a well-filled knapsack swung over his shoulder.

And though Mrs. Prescott never quite overcame her prejudice against the negro race, she was enabled, henceforth, to think of them with more consideration; and never again was the cold and needy sent empty from her door.

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Fair Notes for the Fair Sex.

II.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HELEN M. WINSLOW.

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COMFORT'S REPRESENTATIVE READING A PAPER BEFORE THE WORLD'S CONGRESS.

LAST month I gave a general description of what is to be seen at the World's Fair. This letter is meant more particularly for women and children, although readers of the opposite sex are not forbidden. There are so many things of interest to the fair sex to be seen at the World's Fair that one hardly knows where to begin. It was my good fortune to be in Chicago at the first of the Women's Congresses in May. In fact, COMFORT's representative was one of the women honored by an invitation from the national committee to address the great Press Congress, which took place the last week in May.

Now, what good did these Women's Congresses do?

In the first place they brought together hundreds of active, progressive women, each one doing good work in her own sphere. It introduced them to each other and gave them the benefit of interchange of ideas with other women; it brought them out of their own individual ruts; it broadened their ideas and enlarged their mental vision; and through them it will broaden and enlarge the ideas of women all over the country.

Why? Because each one will go back to her own little circle, full of enthusiasm and courage, and with a larger view of the world and its inmates. And the enthusiasm of each will work among her immediate circle, and help make the world broader and purer and better.

She who was in Chicago in May saw nearly every woman of note from all over this country, and many more from abroad. COMFORT's correspondent was standing in the lobby at the Art Institute one noon when a pretty and stylishly clad young woman approached and asked, "Is this Mrs. B?" On receiving a negative answer, she said:

"I want very much to find her, although I do not know her. I am from Iceland, myself, and don't know any one."

She spoke beautiful English and no one could have told that she was not a fashionable maiden of Chicago.

There were plenty of women from foreign countries, both in the vast audiences and on the speaker's platform. There were cultivated refined women from Australia, from Switzerland, from Norway and from Great Britain. There were all the famous women-speakers from this great country; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Lucy Stone, Antoinette Blackwell, May Wright Sewall, and hosts of others. Miss Frances Willard was the only one that was missing, and that was only because she is an invalid in England. The Countess of Aberdeen, Mrs. Florence Fenwick Miller, Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant, and other Englishwomen who are famous in some line of work, contributed papers or addresses. Never before in the history of the world were so many great and noble women gathered together.

One of the most significant receptions ever given in America was that tendered by Mrs. Potter Palmer at her palatial Chicago residence, to the Press Congress and the World's Council of Women. It was an occasion never to be forgotten. COMFORT was again honored on this occasion by having its representative asked by Mrs. Palmer to stand in line and help her receive the hundreds of distinguished men and women from all parts of the world who thronged the magnificent house from four o'clock until half past six in the afternoon.

Many a guest said softly to herself that day, that this was the treat of a lifetime.

The Potter Palmer House is one of the finest in the country. It is a great stone palace surrounded by spacious, well-kept grounds.

Entering by a flight of broad granite steps the guest stepped into a tiled vestibule; from there an elevator took the visitor up-stairs to lay aside wraps and coats; or she was ushered straight into the large circular hall where Mrs. Palmer, one of the most beautiful women in this country, elegantly attired in pearl-colored brocade and diamonds, received her guests.

All the rooms on the first floor open into this hall, or rotunda. The drawing-rooms are the finest, of course. These are finished in ivory, mounted with gold, and all the decorations are of the same delicate tints—ivory and gold. The press-room and library is finished in mahogany and silver. The morning-room is modeled after a room in one of the French palaces; and out of these two opens a beautifully arranged conservatory full of palms and blossoming plants. The dining-room is finished in rosewood and is decorated with beautiful paintings set in to the walls and ceilings as panels. Everywhere the whole interior arrangement is in perfect harmony. There is not a picture or a shade of color that does not exactly "fit in" with its surroundings. And, after all, is not this the secret of a beautiful house? That it shall combine three elements, usefulness, comfort and beauty? Very few women in this country are able to put as much money into their houses as Mrs. Potter Palmer can; but every woman in the twelve hundred and twenty thousand homes where COMFORT is a regular visitor can adopt the same rule that prevails in the Palmer palace and, doing away with useless fripperies, make of her own house, in her own way, a place that is beautiful because it is homelike and comfortable and restful.

There are many beautiful and exquisite things at the World's Fair that will interest women everywhere. In the Irish village that is under the supervision of Lady Aberdeen, may be seen a variety of exquisite laces. One bridal set, consisting of three pieces, a flounce, a corsage in applique-work, and a handkerchief, is valued at \$1,200. The whole set may be compressed into a bundle the size of a goose-egg—so fine is the texture. A single handkerchief has the price plainly marked \$38. In the German section of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts are the products of the famous Brussels looms. Here is one lace dress which, if it had been made by one person alone, it would have taken seven years to complete, working ten hours a day. This is valued at many thousands of dollars.

The loan collections of lace at the Woman's Building are attracting a great deal of attention. They were sent by Queen Victoria of England and Queen Margherita of Italy, and are insured for \$200,000. A guard is kept over them night and day—so valuable are they, each exhibit coming from its queen's private collection.

The East Indian palace is packed with things that attract women and children. Everything

there was made by hand. One can easily believe that the exquisitely carved sandal-wood and ivory boxes are hand-work; but it is more difficult to realize that the beautiful silk fabrics and the heavy, velvety rugs and carpets are really the products of hand-looms. An astonishing variety of fabrics in silk and cotton are both printed and embroidered, and nothing like the tinsel and wax-decorated stuffs have ever been exhibited in this country. These wax-printed cloths are made by making a free-hand design on plain goods, with a stick dipped in melted lac and bees-wax and then sifting mica over it and letting it dry. They are very beautiful as well as very curious. Here, too, are India and Chuddah shawls so fine that although they are two yards square, they can be easily drawn through an ordinary sized finger-ring. Near by these exquisite fabrics, heaped together as if they were a job lot of calicoes, is a breech-loading cannon four hundred years old, and a match-lock gun fifteen feet long that is one-half as old.

A carved sandal-wood case for jewels and laces, less than a foot high, is offered for sale at \$500. It was made in Mysore and took four men six months to make it. A steel teapot inlaid with gold, silver and enamel in thousands of pieces, took all the time of one man two months, so that its price, \$30, is not high.

In the glass-works there is much to see beyond the mere common-place but interesting process of making glass vases and mugs. Upstairs, above the furnace where the smelting is going on, is a wheel nine feet in diameter, revolving twenty times a minute, where a man spins glass all day. A glass rod is exposed at one end to a blow-pipe flame. When the glass is melted it is attached in fine threads to the periphery of the wheel. The position of the melting glass is changed every minute until the broad wheel is full and then it is stopped. The glass is cut and taken off and made into short lengths, perhaps three and a half or four feet long. Then the girls at the looms take it. These latter are hand-looms not much different from the ones our grandmothers spun home-spun cloth on; the warp is composed of silk threads and the glass-threads are used as filling or "woof." The fabric produced is very delicate and beautiful, and is made up into napkins, neck-ties, lamp-shades and bonnets. It is very durable, and the ends of the glass being left loose on the edges, a fringe is left which is extremely pretty on lamp-shades. A dress has been made of this cloth for Georgia Cayvan, the actress. It has all the fineness and flexibility of raw silk, and is a soft fabric, sufficiently flexible for any ordinary use to which cloth may be put, and quite light enough to make it comfortable for the wearer.

The dress cost about \$400, and is warranted not to break even if any one should throw stones at the wearer and hit her. It is not transparent, nor is there any danger of being



A GLASS DRESS.

cut by the edges around the neck and arms. In making dresses of it a thin line of gum is run along the edges of the pieces to be joined together. Over this is placed a strip of satin ribbon, and when it adheres the fabric is stitched together by sewing the threads through the ribbon. The seams in this case are hidden by a braid of glass. The long fringe about the bottom of the skirt and on the waist is made by pulling out the silk threads which leaves the glass free at the ends. Miss Cayvan will wear this novel "glass dress" on the stage another season.

Other work is shown in a room where the ceiling is decorated with glass cloth. In the center is furniture covered with the same material. On counters are all kinds of cut glass. The prices asked are not encouraging for the owners of lean purses. Whiskey glasses at \$48 apiece, punch glasses at \$88 and bowls at \$200 give an idea of how much work has been put on each article. When a piece of glass is broken it is not all lost. The remnants are called cullet, and are remelted and blown over again.

Lady Aberdeen's room at Blarney Castle possesses great interest for all spectators. It has three windows, opening on hinges and draped with cream-colored Irish linen curtains of intricate design. The floor is covered with a carpet from a Dublin hand-loom, and the walls are finished in green with a frieze of shamrocks. In one corner is her chair of Irish oak, richly carved and upholstered with tapestry made in Ireland centuries ago. There is a small spinning wheel and a mahogany cabinet which belonged to William O'Brien's grandfather. This is filled with Belleek China, made at the only pottery in Ireland. Lady Aberdeen is the patroness of the upper Irish village and has done much to elevate and encourage Irish industries.

The Javanese dancing-girls wear sashes that cost \$80 apiece; these they wave about as recklessly as if they had cost only eight cents and could be easily replaced. The girls are barefooted and bareheaded, and wear a loose dress of gay colors. Their dancing is much like the Spanish dances and their music is very graceful and harmonious. The Javanese are a gentle people, with the Malay cast of features. Many of the girls are very pretty. Their orchestra consists of twenty-four pieces and these are some of their names: "djenglonglontik, bonanggedeh, sarongpekikmentik and kenongpanings." Is it any wonder that their music is unlike that of any other country?

There is a set of jeweled daggers at the Javanese village valued at \$7,000. Among other curiosities there, are four rhinoceros' feet. One of them has been made into a lady's toilet case, and is so highly polished that it is very attractive. A cane four feet long of solid coral is another valuable article, and many curious articles may be seen among the thatched cottages of Java. There is a prince there, too. He lives in a house by himself and has three attendants. His robes are richly embroidered, and when he goes out an attendant follows him, holding an umbrella over his head. The umbrella is remarkable. It is very large, and all the colors run round it, making a brilliant showing. The interior of his house is richly hung with bright cloths and embroideries, and the floor is covered with the famous burned split-bamboo matting.

Of course the Woman's Building is the Mecca towards which every woman who visits the Fair bends her footsteps sooner or later. It is a beautiful piece of architecture costing \$138,000. It is three hundred and eighty-eight feet long and one hundred and ninety-nine feet

wide, and is one of the finest buildings in the "White City." The walls of the main hall are covered with beautiful painting—all done by women. Up in the first balcony, surrounded by British flags are four water-color paintings done by Queen Victoria; also two oil paintings and two pencil sketches by the same illustrious personage. The latter are generally thought to be the best. One of them was done on a railway-train and represents a fox-terrier, belonging to Prince Henry of Battenburg, asleep on a rug.

But these are not all that Queen Victoria has contributed to the Woman's Building. In another section is a set of napkins made from flax which she spun. Two or three cot-covers crocheted of pink and white wool and lined with pink satin, done by the Princess of Teck, and a crocheted white wool vest fashioned by the Duchess of Teck, receive a good deal of attention, because they were worked by royal fingers.

Quantities of the most beautiful needlework and elaborately painted china are so plentiful all over the building as to literally "make one



A WELSH WOMAN.

tired." A little Welsh woman in a quaint silk gown with a tall cone-shaped hat sits weaving flannel at a hand-loom. Ask her how much she can weave in a day and she will say "Ten yards or up."

Another Welsh woman sits near her knitting a shawl of Shetland wool as fine as a cobweb. These shawls sell for five dollars, although it takes a woman eight days to make one. In a glass case is a full-length cape, displayed on a wax figure. It was made by a western woman from the feathers of prairie chickens. It took ten years to make it and is valued at \$5,000. It looks like handsome brown fur, and the woman who buys it will have the consolation of knowing that her garment has not a duplicate in the world.

The model of a leper colony, under the charge of Miss Kate Marsden who has done so much good among Russian and Siberian lepers, is an unique thing, also to be found in the Woman's Building. A tiny mud hut stands beside a village of clean white cottages. In the center is a church. This is intended to show the difference between her work ten years ago and now. When she began, the Russians crowded the lepers, ten at a time, into little mud huts. Now they have the larger, clean cottages and their condition, morally as well as physically, is correspondingly improved. A model of an English hospital is another feature. Every sort of splint, bandage, dish, bed-rest and other hospital appliance may be seen; and among them, are dolls dressed like the nurses at St. Bartholomew's in London, at Calcutta, and Bombay.

A very pleasant feature of the Woman's Building is the roof-garden. Opening out of both the corridor and the cafe, at the top of the building, are the broad open spaces at each end of the structure fitted up with palms and blossoming plants, and supplied with plenty of comfortable seats. It is free to all visitors, and the tired sight-seer can ask for no more pleasant or quiet place in which to rest. A fine view of the entire grounds is afforded from this spot, and many ladies obtain their first intelligent idea of the geography of the grounds from this roof-garden.



IN THE ROOF-GARDEN.

Over in the Main Building the display of coral jewelry, of late years so uncommon, is of great interest. They are of all shades of red from deep blood-tint up to a rose-pink. One very delicate rose-colored necklace is valued at \$35,000, and is most exquisitely mounted. In the same case are a tortoise toilet-set at \$800, and a carved paper-knife at \$300. There is also an ebony table inlaid with engraved ivory—in allegorical figures—representing the royal family of England. This little trifle is valued at \$6,000. Work-boxes and jewel-cases of the same material add to this collection.

Portieres of embossed leather are a curiosity of the Woman's Department; but probably no exhibit excites more curiosity than that of the silk culture as carried on by the Mormon women of Utah. In a wide tray beneath one of the windows of the Woman's Building are hundreds of silk-worms which are daily fed on mulberry leaves by a young woman. Another girl shows how the silk is spun from cocoons and two more operate a hand-loom and make silk cloth before the eyes of the visitor. A pair of white satin curtains made of silk raised, spun and woven in Utah, hangs near by. They are richly embroidered in a sego flower design, and all around the edge are skeins of yellow raw silk. Some silk lace handkerchiefs are a reproduction of the Mormon Temple and are of wonderfully fine texture. The first silk dress ever made in Utah is shown in a glass case. It is of pongee and belonged to one of Brigham Young's widows.

A point of great importance to women visiting the Fair, is that there are hospitals where, if a visitor is taken suddenly ill, he or she can be taken temporarily, and tended by Red-Cross nurses. A doctor is in attendance and simple remedies and a comfortable couch are provided free, with hot-water bags and any other necessity for the suddenly ill; and there is no expense attached to any of it.

The World's Fair will, undoubtedly, work wonders in the way of opening the world's eyes to the accomplishments of women all over this great universe.

There is no method to be recommended for

broadening one's ideas and enlarging one's conceptions like a visit to the "White City" at Chicago. The inhabitants of the Eastern states are opening their eyes in astonishment at the size of the West, the stirring, active enterprise of its people, and the extent and quality of its developments; while pushing, wide-awake Westerners are looking at the productions of the "effete East" and noting their finished excellence. And the whole world will look at America in a different aspect from what they have been accustomed to, at the close of the Exposition, November first.

And so there is nothing so broadening, so educative, and so interesting to a patriotic American citizen, man, woman or child, as a few days' study of the World's Fair.

I hope every COMFORT reader will visit it this fall who has not already done so this summer. Those who have been there must have come away with many a new idea—which perhaps they can turn into good account and win one of COMFORT's liberal prizes in its many unequalled departments; those who have not, ought certainly to try for the prize-money, as a means to the great end which every one tries to achieve this year—going to the World's Fair.



LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THE ordinary pill. Think of all the trouble and disturbance that it causes you. Wouldn't you welcome something easier to take, and easier in its ways, if at the same time it did you more

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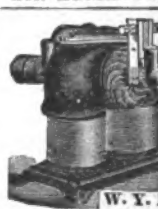
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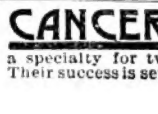
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\$100.00 IN CASH PRIZES \$100.00

The publishers take pleasure in announcing that in order to increase the common interest in this department, and to develop the inventive power and originality of COMFORT readers, they offer the following Cash prizes:

- 1st. A Cash prize of TWENTY DOLLARS (\$20) will be given for the best original and practical suggestion for use in this department.
- 2nd. A Cash prize of FIFTEEN DOLLARS (\$15) will be given for the Second best suggestion in the same line.
- 3rd. A Cash prize of ten dollars (\$10) for the next best.
- 4th. A Cash prize of seven dollars and fifty cents (\$7.50) for the next.
- 5th. A Cash prize of five dollars (\$5) for the next.
- 6th. A Cash prize of three dollars (\$3) for the next.
- 7th. Ten Cash prizes of two dollars (\$2) each for the next ten and
- 8th. Twenty Cash prizes of one dollar (\$1) each for the next twenty, making 36 prizes in all to be given for such suggestion as rank in the above order of merit.

CONDITIONS.

Competitors must be yearly paid-up subscribers to COMFORT; and in addition must send at least one new yearly subscriber, with twenty-five cents, the price of one year's subscription to COMFORT for each new subscriber so sent.

Letters must be received before September first; and awards will be published in the October issue.

Letters must be written plainly on one side of the paper only.

Letters must be short, plain, explicit and contain no superfluous words.

No manuscript will be returned.

Descriptions may cover fancy articles, gifts for old and young, designs in drawn-work, embroidery, etc. Only such patterns of knitting and crocheting will be considered as are of exceptional merit and originality. Designs for internal and external decorations of the house may be entered in the contest, or suggestions on any topic contributing to home comfort or individual happiness. Illustrations of articles suggested, when possible, will add to the value of letters. Designs or suggestions must be *absolutely original* with the writer, never having appeared in print before, and not copied from books or other sources.

No communication will be considered that is not sufficiently stamped, and accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

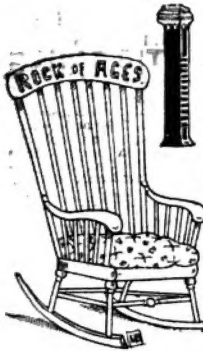
The conditions are fully given here and consequently no letters of inquiry or of a personal nature will be answered.

Articles will be judged on merit alone.

Competition positively closes September first.

The publishers reserve the right to use any suggestions submitted which may not be awarded a prize.

All communications must be fully prepaid and addressed to BUSY BEE, Care of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



HAVE received some interesting letters intended for our prize competition this month; but I wish the Bees could be as practical as possible and select the most useful subjects for consideration. Now, I submit it to you, which is of the most practical benefit to a family, a home-made book-case like that published in our July number, which is in daily use in every family, or a painted and be-ribboned milking-stool for the parlor, or a snow-shovel which belongs naturally in the shed, bed-

decked with silk bows and gilt paint, and stood up on the piano? It is *practical* suggestions that are wanted, and what the Busy Bees are all looking for.

Again, with such very liberal prizes as are offered, I am surprised that no more letters come in. The Nutshell Story Club offer brings in hundreds of stories every day; why shouldn't this one, offered in a field where the market is not so overstocked, do as much? Here are thirty-six generous cash prizes offered. I cannot see why more of you do not try for them.

It is true, however, that there are some very good letters coming in. The following, which I am going to quote entire, I especially want to commend both on account of the number of its valuable and practical designs, and for its good style and construction. Evidently this writer is willing to give as many ideas and as well-written ones, as she possibly can. She expected to work for a prize—not to submit a short, hackneyed suggestion and then find fault if it did not take the first prize. I advise you all to study her literary style, and note how much she crowded into one letter, and then try what you can do in the month that remains open for this competition.

"Whether my ideas win a prize or not, they are original and written up expressly for COMFORT. First, I am going to tell how I fixed up a bed-room with odd pieces of cast-off furniture. Every home accumulates old bedsteads, chairs, and bureaus. Ours had many articles which had gradually been pushed from the guest-chamber down through various rooms until they at last reposed in servant's rooms, or were stored away in the attic. I had long been wanting to fit up a room for myself which should express some individuality of its own, and should be unlike every other front bedroom on the street. I could not afford new furniture; brass bedsteads, silken canopies and modern luxuries were beyond my purse. But one night I had an idea. The next morning I prowled around servant's rooms and store-rooms and attics, and then, I began at once to fit up my room. There was an old-fashioned square bedstead with high head and foot-boards, in the girl's room. There was an old chest of drawers in the attic and a quaint old wash-stand in the stable-loft. There was an old wooden rocker in the kitchen and a battered steamer-chair tucked away in a closet. I got these together in my large corner room which had, previous to this, but very little furniture in it. I took up the old faded carpet and had it cleaned and consigned to the attic, keeping in the room the low sewing-table and rocker, and two straight-backed chairs which were already there. None of my pieces 'matched' with the rest; and all of them were more or less battered with time.

"How was I to reconcile them into a happy family?

"First, I went out and bought a two-pound ball of prepared white paint. Then I bought another pound of white enamel paint, a bottle of gilding, a coarse and a fine brush. And then

I went home, put on an old dress and some cast-off gloves and shut myself in with my old 'hunks.' I gave every piece one good coat of white paint. The wash-stand and rocking-chair had, at some remote period, been black, and so I gave them a second coat of white paint. When these were all thoroughly dry, I gave them a good coat of white enamel. After this was perfectly hard, I finished each piece with a hair-line stripe of gilding, put on with the fine brush, around the edges. Across the top of the big wooden rocker, I outlined in gilt letters, 'Rock of Ages.'

"While the paint was drying, I had bought twenty yards of Japanese matting at 35 cents a yard, such as I saw illustrated in the Busy Bee Department for April, and had ripped up last summer's white dotted muslin gown and washed and slightly starched the pieces. It took but a day for the white enamel to dry. Then, carefully moving the furniture out into the hall, I put down my new matting myself. It is woven so evenly and firm that any woman can lay it. Then I brought the furniture back again, and made up my bed with white spread and plain white pillow cases. Somebody suggested embroidered or lace shams, but I would not have them. I had already named this my Comfort room; and I have never yet discovered that pillow shams are conducive to comfort. In fact, I think they are often used to cover up soiled and crumpled pillow-cases.

"When the chairs were brought in, the rockers and steamer-chair needed pillows and head-rest, and the table, a cover. So I went to a dry-goods store and bought blue denim—'drilling' it is called in the country. I washed it to make it soft, and pulled it straight when it was drying. Two strips, a yard and a half long, sewed together, wrong side out, with an arabesque design outlined in white Kensington on the edge, made a serviceable and artistic table cover. A head-rest and seat-cushion for the big rocker, a cushion for the little one, and two big pillows for the steamer-chair were covered with the same material, also worked in Kensington with white linen. A deep bay-window offered possibilities which I could not reject. I called my brother (this was the first thing I did not do myself) and had him make a box with two compartments and a hinged cover, which just fitted under that window (I keep shoes and slippers in one part and odd pieces and bundles of cloth, etc., in the other).

"Then I made a cushion-top and fastened it to the box-cover, and draped a full curtain of the denim around it, and found I had a very cosy couch on which to sit, or lie and read.

"What did I do with my old muslin?

"I made sash curtains for the three windows with it. There was some left which I made into a ruffled cover for the dressing-case, which I had transformed from the chest of drawers. A dressing-case is not complete without a good glass. So I took an old mirror which had been left me by my great aunt, and which matched nothing else in the house, and painted its deep frame white, outlining in gilt letters over the top 'As Others See Us,' and hung it over the drawers. The old-fashioned wash-stand had a shelf below for the pitcher and one above for the bowl. These I gave muslin covers, also, and then I stopped to take a good look at my new room.

"You cannot imagine how sweet and clean and 'homey' it looked. There were no useless frills or furbelows about it; nothing but substantial comfort and usefulness was expressed. Of course, as somebody will say, white soils easily; but white enamel can be washed off just as easily as white porcelain, and lasts 'forever,' so that it is a durable investment. I had no tidies, no ruffled crazy pillows, no ribbon bows, and no lace fripperies. Everything was plain, neat, attractive and washable; and everything looked new.

"Now, what did it cost?

"The paint was 75 cents; enamel, \$1; denim, six yards at fourteen cents a yard; and the straw-matting cost \$7. I had a beautiful home-nest, all of my own, for \$8.75. Before cold weather comes in, I shall contrive something for a rug. I had a few good unframed photographs. My brother is making some plain, unfinished wood frames, which I shall paint white, and shall hang my framed photographs about the room next week. As time goes on, other ideas will come to me.

"I saw a piece of Moorish fret-work at a town-house the other day. It was placed in the archway of a door, over the portiere, and cost \$35. I came home and determined to put fret-work over my door into the hall.

"And what do you suppose it was made of?

"Nothing but corn-stalks. The corn in the garden was just ready to cut. I had thought of bamboo, but it is not easy to get, and besides, I wanted the cheapest thing that can be made artistic. So I selected and cut straight, smooth stalks and stripped off the husks. Then I had two frame-works of lath made, as wide as the door, and eighteen inches deep. Then I cut the corn-stalks into lengths necessary to weave together diagonally as they are in the illustration. They are too thick to be pliable and so I

split them in two, took out the pith, and stretched the outer portions flat. Then I glued these together by twos, so to make flat pieces, like strips of lath. These I tacked on to the frame, weaving them under and over, as I went along. When all were tacked I nailed the other frame-work over it. Then I took several ears of corn and sawed them up cross-wise, into slices three quarters of an inch thick, leaving the corn on the cob. These I tacked flat on the frame-work for an ornamental finish. They look like ribbon rosettes in various shades, and you have no idea how decorative they are, although they must be seen to be appreciated. The red pop-corn works beautifully into these trimmings and can be utilized in many ways. My fret-work cost me about twenty-five cents.

"Where sugar-cane or bamboo can be got that is, of course, very desirable. Even thin strips of ash or other pliable wood can be utilized in the same way and when painted or gilded, are very decorative.

"I have made another one for the arched doorway between the sitting-room and parlor. For the second I used new rope, knotting it together in a loose design, and leaving a fringe of rope-ends which I knotted once and then unravelled out. A frieze across the deep bay-window in the parlor, is just like it. One across

an alcove would be very effective. A pretty and novel effect may be produced by painting the rope with white enamel—after it is tied—and then gilding the knots.

"I came across a cheap, square wooden clock, in a second-hand store, recently. I found that it was a good time-keeper, and bought it for seventy-five cents. Then I took it home and treated it to a coat of white enamel, and painted in gilt letters across the front-door—below the face—this motto, 'Punctuality is the hinge of business,' and now it stands on the mantel shelf, opposite my bed. On showing my 'Comfort room' to a friend who is skilful with her brush, she determined to originate something too. She went home and got together all the odd pieces for a bed-room set, she could find. These she painted a pale robin's-egg blue. When this was dry, she got out her oil-paints and scattered wild-flowers over the entire set. Sprays of golden-rod grew on the commode and the foot-board. Trailing woodbine in autumn colors crept gracefully over the head-board and the front of the bureau; while at the side of the latter, a great 'bull-thistle' flourished riotously. Big, white daisies were painted across the front of the commode and were scattered here and there over the chairs; while a great cluster of them crowded into the corners of the old mirror that she had unearthed from somewhere. Although I would not own it to her, I will confess, privately, that her room was almost prettier than my own.

"Now, I am sure there are many readers of COMFORT who could easily get up a 'Comfort room' of their own. It need not be just like mine, or like my friend's, but with these hints, a good many original and pleasant rooms might be gotten up. Old furniture, if it is of good hard wood, is again in style. Whoever has an old-fashioned four-posted bedstead and a mahogany bureau can get up a beautiful room. It would be a pity to cover handsome mahogany or rose-wood, or bird's-eye maple, even, with paint. A coat of varnish is the best thing for these; while paint or enamel may be used for cheaper things. I wonder who will try putting some of my ideas into practice?"

MARY A. WINSLOW, 117 School St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

I am sure a great many of you can, if you will.

Now here is another letter which, although it is not so long, has some very original suggestions.

"Living way out here in the 'wild and woolly West,' I wondered, when my baby came, where I should get a cradle for her. A friend had sent her a baby-carriage from Albuquerque, which I used, at first, to put her in, for her naps. But the springs were so stiff that I feared the little brain would get too severely jolted; and so we began to think how we might invent a cradle. The 'gild-man' is very skilful with tools; and one rainy day, he set about making one. It was a doubtful experiment, I thought, but before night he had put together, with planed spruce boards, a capacious and easy cradle, shaped exactly like the low one my mother used to rock us children in. He had made the rockers smooth, and sandpapered them so that the motion was gentle and soothing. It was, however, only an unpainted cradle when he turned it over to me saying, 'There, I have done all I can with it; now you do the rest.'

"Then I set my wits to work. The little darling was such a dainty, rose-leaf baby, that nothing but the daintiest bed seemed fit for her. How was I to make it so, with the materials to be found on a new Mexican ranch? When I left my Eastern home, I brought with me a pair of old fine, delicate lace curtains, thinking they might come in play, sometime. Here was my chance. I sent to the nearest store and got three yards of pink cambric which I tacked carefully over the sides and bottom of the cradle. Then I put the lace on over this, leaving a double ruffle around the top, which I gathered with a puckering-string of pink baby-ribbon. At each corner I put a rosette of

the ribbon. A big pillow for the bottom of the cradle, a smaller and very soft one for the little head, and a crocheted afghan of pink wool, made as dainty a nest as the most fastidious baby could desire. It was so pretty that my husband was moved to add the frame-work for a canopy which I draped with lace, looped with pink ribbons; and which I found very useful in keeping drafts from the little sleeper.

Since then, I have thought of another way; and when the lace draperies get old and soiled, I shall remodel the cradle. It was made long enough for her use several years. When I rip the lace and cambric off, I shall paint the cradle white; and if I can get it, shall finish with a coat of white enamel. Then with colored paint, I shall write bars of music on the sides and front. Across the head I shall put an extract from that sweet German lullaby—'Sleep, baby, sleep.' On one side shall be the refrain of Fritz's lullaby song, 'Go to sleep my baby,' and on the other a strain from Sullivan's 'O, hush thee, my baby,' and finish across the foot-board with a scrap from Tennyson's 'Sweet and

Low.' If I were skilful with my brush, I should make the notes of baby-faces; the rests, of sleeping babies; and mark off the bars with tiny feet. Various flowers might be worked in; and in fact, there is no end to the fanciful and original designs that might be thought of. Some mothers do not approve of cradles at all, but sling a hammock in a corner of the room, and use that instead.

"My house lacks cup-boards and closets enough for our use. I have partially remedied the fault by making a cup-board for the sitting-room from a large packing-box in which my goods came out here. I stood it on end, nailed cleats to the inside, at intervals, and fitted shelves to them. Then I stained the whole case with cherry-stain, at 15 cents a pint; and hung a sliding curtain, or portiere, of blue denim in front. I embroidered a design on a broad strip of the denim, right side out, and feather-stitched this band to the wrong side of the cloth for the portiere. You have no idea how ornamental it is; and the cup-board is a most useful place to keep odd pieces of crockery, magazines, and, indeed, almost everything that can be thought of. For a wardrobe in my room, we put three slats across one corner, into which were fastened plenty of hooks. Another denim portiere, similar to the one described, conceals the clothing which we keep there, besides making a very pretty corner to the room."

MRS. ALEX. CONRAD, Coolidge, New Mexico.

Now, who will send me a letter this month, as good as either of the foregoing?

Before closing I want to urge you all to read these columns more carefully. We are in frequent receipt of personal letters asking us to give prizes, or particulars in regard to things which are as plainly given as is in our power. Often the editor knows no more about particulars which are not given, than any one else. COMFORT goes into over twelve hundred and twenty thousand homes, and by a modest estimate of only four readers to each paper, we have five million readers every month. Now, if only one out of each hundred readers were to make personal requests of us, we should have fifty thousand letters of a private nature—on subjects which concern neither us or the bulk of our readers—to write every month, and this would entail on us the necessity of hiring seventeen extra clerks. So, while I wish to make this department as helpful to every reader as possible, please remember that it is utterly impossible for us to undertake to write personal letters. And these remarks will apply to all our excellent departments as well.

BUSY BEE.

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The lucky stone for August is the Sardonyx which is said to insure conjugal felicity.

According to an English astrologer, the lucky days for August are the 7th, 8th, 9th, 11th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 20th, 22nd, 24th; unlucky days: 4th, 5th, 12th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 25th, 26th, 28th and 31st.

We present our readers in this issue with another entertaining letter from the World's Fair. It will be of especial interest to the "fair sex," as it contains an account of the Woman's Congress held at Chicago in conjunction with the exposition, and before which COMFORT's special correspondent read a paper.

The American nation has made rapid strides in all things pertaining to art; but during this, its Columbian year, it has had an opportunity to discover that it still has much to learn. For example: no foreign ship that has spread its bunting or illuminated its yards in American ports in honor of our various celebrations, but has given the native men-of-war points on decorative possibilities. This is especially true of the English ships at the naval parade in New York Harbor, and of the two Russian ships that assisted in the harbor at Boston, Massachusetts, in the celebration of Independence day. Luckily we are a great people for profiting by experience, and are never above taking lessons wherever we find them.

Of all the months in the year, August is the one in which residents of the States feel the greatest inclination to loaf. There is something in the air, in the sky, in all Nature that invites man in August to rest his body and his soul. At no time, therefore, is a good story so welcome. COMFORT has borne this in mind, and hopes that by the sea, under the fragrant pine trees, on the vine-clad veranda, or in the restful evening after hours of sight-seeing at the Fair—at home or abroad, wherever it finds its millions of readers, it may succeed in giving them a few quiet hours of entertainment.

The Massachusetts Criminal Court has added another to the list of famous trials that have failed in the attempt to unravel the mystery of a horrible murder.

The Borden trial at New Bedford will rank in history as one of the most famous and infamous court proceedings of its kind. Its issue has left Lizzie Borden a free woman in the eyes of the law, but it has left the Fall River police with the unenviable reputation of having devoted themselves to the task of convicting a woman rather than to that of discovering the real criminal.

Hereafter the Fall River police will be synonymous with bungling and unskilful service. Eight months, spent in building up their case, during which individual advancement was the order of the day, and an innocent woman laid in jail awaiting their pleasure, saw the case go before the bench without a shred of new evidence, and with nothing to corroborate the suspicions by which Lizzie Borden had been indicted.

It is to be hoped that few states in the Union have men of so little head, and so little principle, posing as guardians of the safety of the community, and as protectors of the rights of individuals.

All the world loves a lover, and when it is a royal lover interest is the more surely world wide.

Last month was memorable in England for the wedding of the direct heir to the throne and the princess May of Teck.

While it is an established fact that England, with all its democratic notions, provides liberally for its royal family, still in the wedding outfit of the royal bride was a suggestive article—a handsome nickel-plated typewriter. Could this have been intended as a hint to the royal princess that, as a protection against the chances of political evolution, it might be safe for her to equip herself as a "bread-winner," as well as to acquire a knowledge of court etiquette? Stranger things and more unlikely things have happened!

For the honor of the young wife of the Prince of Wales' son, it is fair to state, however, that she is more self-reliant and better able to do for herself than many a daughter of a rich

father in the democratic United States. Her example of thrift and her housewifely knowledge are her best titles to the love and respect of the nation over which she may yet queen it.

In these days of intense heat it is very refreshing even to read of Lieut. Peary's Arctic exploration plans. While the most civilized parts of the world are panting with the heat, the venturesome lieutenant, accompanied by his brave little wife, and his small band of excitement seeking men, is on his way to the regions below zero in search of geographical knowledge about Greenland, and to casually look for the North Pole, and the much talked of North-west Passage.

It is true that ordinary people often wonder what use would be made of the North Pole if it should be located, and who will travel by the North-west Passage if it ever is found. The way in the past has been strewn with the bones of brave discoverers who have lain down and died while occupied in the search. But such is the advance made by science that the trip is to-day much less dangerous than it used to be. In fact, Lieut. Peary has a chance of returning safely as he did from his first trip after a sojourn in the land of sunless days, and with a record of a second residence there if of nothing else.

In the meantime, it may be that by the time the North-west Passage is discovered science may have advanced so far as to have easy means at hand for rescuing it from its present terrors, and possibly, even, of steam-heating it.

In any case, the passage of the doughty Falcon and its crew—a motley crowd of men and beasts that makes one think instinctively of the famous craft that came to rest on Mt. Ararat—will be followed with interest and curiosity by all the world. In another part of the issue of COMFORT will be found a description of the outfit of this interesting ship.

The horrors of Siberian convict life have for years thrilled the civilized world; and many writers of late, have exposed the cruel practices of the Russian government which condemn its prisoners into exile. It has been recently announced that hereafter the Czar and his officers will send convicts to the island of Saghalien, instead of to Siberia. This is not the first time the Russian government has thought of this scheme; for they established a penal colony at Saghalien in 1873.

Where is Saghalien? It is a long, narrow island near the coast of Siberia and north of Japan. There is not a safe harbor anywhere on its coast, and the largest bays are so shallow that sea-vessels cannot come within a mile of the shore. So it is probably as safe a place to put their convicts as the very heart of Siberia. The island belongs to Russia, and there appears to be no reason why that government cannot go on practicing there the cruelties which have made their penal system celebrated all over the earth. There are plenty of coal mines on the 24,560 square miles of Saghalien, and convicts who are allowed to escape penal servitude in Siberia are not likely to find an easier lot in Saghalien.

The cruelties practiced by the Russians recall the famous "Black Hole of Calcutta." This was a small close dungeon in Fort William, Calcutta. After the capture of that city by the natives in 1756, the whole British garrison of 146 men were thrown into this strongly barred room only 18 feet square, and locked in for the night.

Their sufferings during the night were terrible, both from thirst and suffocation. In the morning only 23 were taken out alive.

The "Black Hole" is now used for storage; and an obelisk has been erected nearby to the memory of the English soldiers who perished so miserably there. This was 150 years ago. The horrors of Siberian convict-life are things of to-day. It may well be asked: is the world advancing?

ODDITIES.

An ordinary piano contains a mile of wire. Edison is getting up a magnetic ore-separator. The United States makes 65,000 hats every day. Great Britain owns just one-half of all the ocean ships.

Seventy million people in Europe wear wooden shoes.

A race-horse clears from twenty to twenty-four feet at a single bound.

Dresses and window curtains are now made in Austria from spun glass.

Immigrants enough to people an empire have landed on our shores since 1856.

Eighteen hundred and fifty towns in this country are lighted by electricity.

A new glass is being perfected in Germany that will be impervious to heat.

"Devil's Mountain," north of Montreal, is gradually sinking into the earth.

There are over 250,000 school-houses, and 15,000,000 school-children in this country.

There were 134,000 double eagles coined at the United States mint in February alone.

The oldest violin in the world dates back to 3000 B.C., and was found in an Egyptian tomb.

It is estimated that a birth takes place every three minutes in London and a death every five.

The first nickel steel crank ever cast in this country was recently turned out at Bethlehem, Pa.

The amount of money in circulation in the United States at the present time is nearly \$2,000,000,000.

The Chinese custom of foot-binding is said to have originated with a club-footed Celestial princess.

There are five printing presses, and ten newspapers and eight magazines published in Iceland.

A sewing-machine used in Leeds, England, for sewing cotton belting, weighs three and one-half tons.

One hundred years ago the entire population of the United States was but 3,929,212; to-day it is 65,000,000.

There are fifty-one thousand breweries in the world, a little over one-half of them being in Germany.

The new Simplon tunnel running from Isola, Italy to Brieg, Switzerland, will be twelve and one-half miles long.

MY LAST JUMP.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY J. WILSON PLUMMER.

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I TOOK my first voyage in the clouds with a friend of mine, an aeronaut, out of pure bravado, and, for the excitement of the thing. I took it up for my profession, and had followed it for seventeen years, doing parachute jumping, principally, the last five, because it paid better, although more dangerous than ordinary balloon ascensions.

It was in the fall of 1884 that I took my last jump. I was at that time traveling in the eastern part of Ohio, and had made several successful jumps at county fairs, and one at a circus in Brownfield.

The evening of the latter, I was sitting in the hotel with Mr. Pittman, the circus manager, when our conversation turned on parachute jumping, and high jumps.

"How high could you be hired to jump?" presently asked Mr. Pittman.

"Well," I replied, jokingly, "that depends on the sum. I suppose I could go five thousand feet for a third as many dollars."

The bystanders laughed, but Mr. Pittman looked in earnest when he said, "I'll take you for that Saturday, in Honesville, where we show next."

I tried to convince him that my proposition was only a joke, but he would not have it that way, and argued so long and eloquently, that I finally gave my consent, though reluctantly, to do my best, providing the weather was favorable.

It was Thursday when I made the agreement, and it took all that day to pack up my balloon, go over the ropes and strengthen the hoop of my parachute, which I had wrenched the day before. For the purpose of helping me about my ascensions, I had hired a young man named Parker. He had made a number of trips with me, and said he liked the business, so I kept him.

Once or twice lately I had noticed him staring in a queer way at the balloon as it lay on the grass, and one time, becoming impatient at his apparent idleness, I spoke out rather sharply to him: "Parker, don't wear that balloon out looking at it."

He turned on me with a strange glitter in his eyes and said: "Professor, that balloon would make a nice bird."

I did not think at the time, as I was busy, that it was an odd remark, but afterward remembered how he looked when he said it.

We arrived in Honesville Saturday morning, and lost no time in getting to the grounds and preparing for my jump. Parker seeing to the filling of the balloon, and I looking to my trapeze and parachute. I always prided myself on not growing careless with experience, as some men do who fill dangerous vocations, but tried every rope and looked at every knot the same as when I made my first jump.

The circus tents were already up, and an immense crowd were jostling each other eager to see the sights, for a circus and a balloon were a rare treat for the country people.

Blazing posters adorned the barns and fences, picturing a man hanging by his toes to a trapeze "many thousand feet from the earth." The circus was before the balloon ascension, and after the show the crowd came flocking around, staring open-mouthed at the big white balloon tugging at the ropes. We were showing on a level piece of ground just outside the town.

In a short time Mr. Pittman announced everything in readiness. I took the trapeze in both hands. Parker got into the basket and I was all ready to give the word to the men holding the ropes to let go, when Parker deliberately climbed down from the basket and went into a tent near by, appearing a moment later with two revolvers. I was slightly surprised at his actions, although at the time I attributed it to the natural nervousness any one would feel, not being much used to aerial jouneys.

Wondering what use he could have for revolvers, I asked him what he was going to do with them. He replied that he wanted to celebrate our departure a little.

Thinking that all right I let it pass out of my mind, and he climbed back into the car.

I took a seat once more on the trapeze, waved the crowd back and shouted:

"All ready."

The balloon swayed back and forth and seemed impatient to be off.

"Let go," I cried, and the men all dropping the ropes together, up we went with a rush, the crowd cheering lustily, which grew fainter as the distance increased.

We rose rapidly, and in a few moments were up eighteen hundred feet.

I was sitting on my perch and a quarter bar, all that held me between the clouds and earth, gazing over the landscape spread before me, and watching the crowd below, when I was startled by a long, harsh and demoniacal laugh above me, and upon glancing up I beheld Parker looking at me over the edge of the car, his cap off.

His eyes gleaming with a murderous light, his teeth set and his whole aspect one that would strike terror to any one situated as I was.

Picture me many hundred feet from the ground, sitting on a trapeze, expecting every minute to be killed by a maniac's bullet, or, perhaps worse, to be wounded and then to fall, and be picked up a crushed mass of humanity.

He had by some means got hold of the rope with which I detached my parachute from the balloon, so I was completely in his power.

While I was speculating on what to do, I heard a report, and whiz went a bullet close to my head. Looking up I saw Parker sitting on the edge of the basket with one leg hanging over, a revolver in each hand, and shouting at the top of his voice:

"See me watching him, he stepped back into the basket, and leaning far down toward me said in an exultant tone, 'You were the master of this bird once, now I am. I am going to kill you. I am going to cut the ropes that hold this basket, tie them together and snail



away, while you will go down, down, down."

While he was talking he had pulled out a knife and was at work on the ropes. As fast as he cut one he would tie its end to another, and so on around the dozen or fifteen ropes that held the car. After he had cut all but three or four, he worked himself into the network of ropes thus formed, grasped the valve rope and called out to me some mad ravings which I did not understand.

The basket was tipping dangerously, sliding the ballast into one corner and spilling some out. I saw that when the basket should free itself of the balloon it would fall on me and prevent the parachute from opening.

I drew my sheath knife to cut myself clear of the car if I could.

There were only two more ropes to cut. He reached one and cut it, but before he could reach the other it broke, and with a lurch the basket came crashing down on me.

After that it seemed like a bad dream. I remember seeing things falling, and of slashing wildly with my knife in the hope of freeing the parachute. We were falling with fearful velocity, and how I held on I never could tell.

I must have cut the rope that held the car to the parachute, for it suddenly opened, nearly unseating me.

The decreased speed brought me to my senses, and looking up I could see the balloon far up in the air, bottom up. I came down in a few minutes near a farm house, but completely worn out.

It took four days for me to get over the nervous shock I received, and when I got out I organized a searching party; and two days later we found poor Parker, crushed beyond human semblance, with a bullet hole in his breast.

His revolver had probably been accidentally discharged in his attempt to keep his balance in the air, the bullet taking effect on himself.

DO YOU HAVE ASTHMA?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

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FOOT NOTES.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT, BY SARA LEE BULLOCK.

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"FRENCH."

MAY all of us wish we could be in some other person's shoes, but the man who would venture to wear the world's shoes must have a queer-shaped foot, or else find himself with several "misfits" on his hands.

We are used to the ordinary black leather shoes, of the same general cut, high or low, that have been worn for generations back.

We can even grow accustomed to the tan-colored, blue, red and white low shoes which the fashionable young men and women of the period are affecting. But the curious footwear which was collected in the Shoe and Leather Building at the World's Fair, develop some astonishing varieties and lead the observer to believe that fashion is stranger than fiction.

In the Transvaal the belle of her native village wears a tuft of grass tied firmly around her ankle. The Turks wear red morocco shoes turned up, at the toe like a pruning hook, over light-colored stockings. Their dancing girls wear embroidered slippers with flagree work in gold and silver outlined over their arched insteps. Their most common shoe, however, has heels on both ends, so to speak, and the wearer seems to be walking on stilts.

The most elaborate articles of footwear to be found at the Fair are the highly-polished boots worn by the German cavalymen. They reach nearly to the knee and are slashed from front to back. Around the calf of the leg they fit rather tightly. A bright spur jingles at each heel.



CHINESE SHOE.

The padded Chinese shoe comes in all colors with every sort of grotesque ornament. The sole is flat and an inch thick. It is pointed at both ends so that it is difficult to tell from a Chinaman's tracks which way he has been traveling. The top of the slipper is so thick with fancy work that it gives the celestial foot a gouty and swollen look, and also makes it appear much shorter than it really is, as though the toes had been chopped off.

The Soudanese slipper is the most shiftless thing that a man ever put on his foot. It is simply a leather sole and a toe. These represent the triumph of laziness. The Soudan citizen walks into his slipper in the morning and then in the evening backs out. Every time he takes a step he lifts his heel away from the sole and it seems morally certain that he will lose the slipper. Any uncultured American who started for a promenade wearing such things would be in his stocking feet before he proceeded ten steps, but there is a certain trick of elevating the toe at each step, which makes the Soudanese safe. The Javanese manage to get along without any kind of footwear, except a thin wooden sandal. This is fastened to the foot by thongs coming up between the toes and reaching back over the instep.

The Algerians wear leather leggings, which are stamped with various designs and come down closely against the black shoes.

"Lo, the poor Indian" wears beaded moccasins of buckskin, and his footprints suggest that somebody has been traveling like a crab—sidewise.

A metal anklet is all the shoe the Dahomeyite wants, and the South Sea Islanders content themselves with galoshes.

According to the Russian idea the boots must be wrinkled in order to be in style. The leather looks as though the man who owns them had been out in wet weather. They wear short boots into which are stuffed their loose and baggy trousers. The Russian women wear dainty shoes and slippers, often edged with fur.

In Switzerland, the glacier-climbers wear shoes made of heavy, solid leather, and with soles covered with spikes like those of a base ball player.

In the exhibit at Chicago there are shoes for all kinds of weather—wooden clogs, with stilts attached, worn by Japanese tea-pickers in rainy weather, and straw mats worn on the feet of the natives of India, when the sun heats the pavements up to a blistering temperature, may be seen.

Next are straw sandals no longer than a baby's slipper, which come from Kioto, Japan, where the young ladies wear them. The Japanese have small feet and wear black cloth slippers.

Then there are flat cloth shoes with no soles and heels which protect the upper part of the feet of the water-carriers of Alexandria, Egypt.

And there are the shoes of the Esquimaux settlement which are of heavy undressed walrus-hide, attached to the thick frieze trousers which are worn above them. The Esquimaux who jumps out of bed in a hurry in the morning, gets into his boots and trousers at one bound.

In many parts of Europe wooden sabots are worn by the common people. In Holland all the common people wear wooden shoes, which are called sabots.

Even the little children are weighted down with these clumsy affairs on their tiny feet. It is quite a sight to see a party of emigrants from Holland landing at Castle Garden, in New York.

A few years ago when a party of Dutch emigrants came in, a young woman standing near the rail let her kid fall overboard with her two wooden shoes on. A man from a tug close by sprang into the water and after struggling in the waves for some time succeeded in saving the baby and restoring it to its mother's arms, who received it with great rejoicing. In the course of a few moments, however, she noticed the two little wooden shoes floating down stream; whereupon her joy was changed to grief again, and loud weeping which would not be comforted filled the air. A sabotless child was, in her opinion, little better than no child at all.

The English wear heavy hobnailed boots, even the women's shoes there being more clumsy than those of America.

In Spain the ladies wear fine satin slippers with pointed toes turned up at the front like a good-sized fishhook.

Speaking of shoes, it may not be generally known that no person's two feet are exactly alike, or their hands either, for that matter.

The prettiest shoes are those made in France and America. In fact, one must look a good

while before finding anything daintier or in better taste than the trim, well-fitting boots and shoes worn right here.

And, so far as real comfort is concerned, there is perhaps nothing under the broad canopy of heaven that is so soothing to the sole as the easy-fitting, long-wearing, and good-looking shoe devised a few years ago by the ingenious Brockton, Massachusetts Yankee who, it is confidently asserted, worried the hair off his head in discovering "the bestest shoe for the leastest money."

WAYS TO SEE THE FAIR.

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A SEDAN CHAIR.

Of course, among the millions of people who will go to the World's Fair this summer, there will be some lazy folks. Others still will be invalids, and others lame; but there are plenty of ways for everybody to see the entire exhibition.

The most popular way for people who do not care to ride on "Shank's mare," or who may have tired that much during the last of the season, is to try the rolling chairs which are to be found at every turn. Early in May a visitor to the grounds came away and said she never saw so many invalids out before! But they were not invalids at all; they were simply sight-seers who were luxuriously riding about in comfortable rattan easy-chairs.

These chairs allow the occupant to lean back at the most comfortable angle imaginable, and to rest their feet on a shelf which can be raised or lowered to suit the height of the passenger. They are wheeled by college boys from all parts of the country, who are combining this opportunity to earn their expenses with that of thoroughly studying the Fair. They are well-posted in regard to every building on the grounds and no better guides can be asked for.

They charge a uniform price of seventy-five cents an hour.

Sometimes these boys have an easy day with what they call "soft jobs"—such as young, light and pretty maidens to wheel around; but at others, their burdens are heavy—when they get a two hundred pound woman and must shove her around on a muddy day!

The Venetian gondolas with their native gondoliers have already been described and illustrated in COMFORT. On the lagoon, as the artificial lake is called, there are plenty of steam-launches holding from ten to twenty people, and having a canopy top. These are not so picturesque nor so romantic as the gondolas but they get over the ground—or, rather, the water—much faster. A ride all over the lagoon by either method costs fifty cents and affords one of the finest ways to see all the main buildings and their beautiful grounds, as the lagoon follows a winding course which takes it pretty well through the grounds, going under lovely arched bridges and past many a flowering bank.

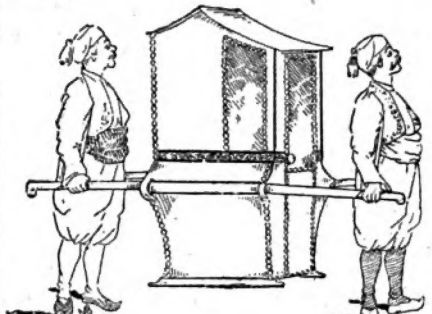
But these are not all.

After you have taken the boat-ride on the lagoon, you will want to ride on the Intra-mural railway, an elevated road which skirts the entire Fair ground just inside the limits. This ride, which costs thirty cents for the entire trip, gives an entirely different idea of the World's Fair as a whole, and a new conception of many of its odd corners which might not be discovered otherwise. These cars are much like ordinary open horse-cars with cross-wise seats, except that the sides are encased with a panning about three feet high. The doors at each seat open mechanically when the car stops, and close again when it starts.

To obtain the prettiest view of the entire grounds, one should either go or come by the steamers which leave Van Buren Street for Jackson Park every fifteen minutes. The "White City" is nowhere else so imposing as from the steamboat deck within two miles of shore.

There is yet another way to see the Fair, and all Chicago besides; and that is by the captive balloon. It is secured by long ropes two inches thick, which keep it from sailing away over the country; and yet allow the balloon to float about 600 feet above the Fair ground. At this distance the buildings and the general plan of the ground can be better seen as a whole than elsewhere; but people on the ground look like dolls, or crawling insects. The Ferris wheel looks like one of the high-backed bridges across the lagoons. The manufactures building defies the distance and refuses to look small. The sun shining on the great glass roof sends out a glimmer that overshadows the buildings about it. The state buildings look like doll houses, the lagoons like puddles of water on a ball-room floor, and the gilded dome of the administration building like a gold thimble in a housewife's work-basket. It is the largest balloon ever in this country, holding 100,000 cubic feet of gas. It is ninety feet high and sixty in diameter. A great many visitors are glad to patronize it and take the novel ride.

There is another way to avoid walking in the grounds.



A SEDAN CHAIR.

A medieval, oriental way. There are Sedan chairs like those you read of in old books about India and other Eastern countries. They are square, wooden, box-like contrivances, cushioned and upholstered with bright colored stuffs, and carried by men in oriental costumes surmounted by a red fez. It is true the motion of these chairs is rather jerky and disagreeable; and they cost just the same as the modern, luxurious rolling-chairs. But you have the comfort of knowing that you are doing what you can do nowhere else, nowadays, in a thoroughly civilized country. And you can console yourself for the "jerkiness" by imagining you are a fine London lady of a century or two ago, attired in stiff and costly brocades, and on your way to a grand ball or dinner-party.

After all, the way which is more commonly adopted than all the others, is that by which the visitor is propelled on his own two feet.

The walking is still good at the World's Fair.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

The toad is the best insect destroyer you can have. Give your horses water every ten miles on the road.

If your hens lay soft-shelled eggs, give them crushed bones with their food.

Non-bearing quince bushes should be thoroughly pruned to give them a new start.

Blackberry bushes will bear the most fruit if not allowed to grow over four feet high.

All utensils used in butter-making should be kept sweet and clean by thoroughly scalding.

Make successive plantings of garden crops so that you may have fresh vegetables all summer.



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W. L. Douglas' name and price is stamped on the bottom before they leave the factory, to protect you against high prices. Doing the largest advertised shoe business in the world we are contented with a small profit, knowing that the extra value put in W. L. Douglas Shoes will give a continuous increase to our business. The dealer who sells you unstamped shoes makes the price to suit himself. He will charge you from \$4 to \$5 a pair for shoes of the same quality as W. L. Douglas \$3 Shoe. The stamped name and price system is the best for you, because it guarantees full value by the manufacturer, for the money paid, and saves thousands of dollars annually to those who wear W. L. Douglas Shoes.

If you wish to economize in your footwear it will pay you to examine W. L. Douglas Shoes when next in need. Sent by Mail, Postage Free, when dealers cannot supply you. Take no substitute. Send for Catalogue with full instructions how to order by mail.

Address W. L. DOUGLAS, Lock Box 551, Brockton, Mass.

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

HINTS FOR WOMEN.

Grained wood-work is best cleaned with cold tea. Fish netting makes pretty and serviceable draperies in a country house.

A decoction of soap-wort roots is best to wash white serge or flannel with.

Good furniture polish is made of one-third turpentine and two-thirds sweet oil.

Stale crackers are improved by placing in a hot oven a few minutes before serving.

Soak mildewed linen in buttermilk over night, wash thoroughly, and dry in the open air.

A peck of fresh lime in a damp cellar, absorbs moisture and prevents malarious troubles.

Half a teaspoonful of sugar scattered over a dying fire is better than kerosene, and has no element of danger.

Stand a wet umbrella on the handle to drain; otherwise, the water collecting at the center will rot the silk.

Ivory knife-handles that have grown yellow with age or careless usage may be whitened by rubbing with sand-paper.

A large rug of linen crash placed under the sewing machine will catch threads, clippings and cuttings, and save a deal of sweeping and dusting.

Soot can be easily removed from a carpet, when freshly fallen, by scattering salt over it. The soot adheres to the salt and both can be lightly brushed off.

Kid gloves may be cleaned, when slightly soiled, with a small piece of oiled silk wound tightly about the finger, and rubbed vigorously over the surface of the glove.

Sachets of thin silk or cheese-cloth for the bottoms of wooden drawers, perfumed with orris or violet powder, lend a delicate perfume to a young lady's belongings.

Do not put a carpet on the dining-room floor. It holds dust and grease, and is impossible to keep clean and sweet. A bare floor with a large rug under the table is the most sensible and fashionable custom.

Mysterious rust-spots on clothes are caused by Prussian blue which is substituted for indigo in some kinds of laundry bluing. To test bluing, drop a piece of washing soda into a diluted mixture with cold water. If the compound turns to a reddish hue, Prussian blue has been used.

Sponge old black silk, to freshen it, with ammonia

and water; then go over it again with cold coffee, which brightens and removes all glossiness. Stretch the breadths on a padded table, or place under a heavy weight to dry, first pulling and smoothing with the hands. This process gives it a "natural body."

The three essentials for a pleasant home interior are space, the opposite of crowd and clutter; form, the opposite of chaos and confusion; and color, the opposite of mourning black. This is the theory used by artists, decorators, and millionaires, and, in a modest way, may be put in practice by every COMFORT housewife.

Make pudding bags of heavy jean. Grease and dredge them with flour before using. When the pudding is put in, one-third extra space should be allowed for rising. The bag should be thoroughly washed with soap after using, rinsed in clear water and dried. Make vegetable bags of thin strong cheese-cloth.

It is quite fashionable, when a little newcomer arrives in a family, to send out birth "announcements cards." Two cards are used; one with the full baptismal name of the child, and, in the lower left-hand corner, the date of its birth; the other, the mother's visiting-card, intimating that she is ready to receive visits of congratulation.

A set of pongee bags, lined with oiled silk are extremely useful for travelling. Make one each for hand mirror, soap, wash-cloth or sponge, and hairbrush and comb. A larger unlined one for the night dress, with a handkerchief-sachet big enough to hold an extra pair of gloves and a fresh veil is convenient. A bottle-bag, lined with oiled silk, is of great service. They are made plain or etched with fancy silks.

Many women do not know that decorations over the door impart an effect of space to a room. A narrow shelf of wood over the dining-room door will allow a rustic arrangement of roots, bird's nests, and similar things, that are very attractive. A similar shelf in a library may hold an unframed painting, a terra cotta vase at each end, and trophies of excursions into the woods. Plaster casts in large cities cost very little. If they are reproductions of master-pieces they add refinement to a room.

Patents Obtained, 20 years experience, pamphlet free. S. C. Fitzgerald, Washington, D. C.

YOUR FUTURE REVEALED. Send your name and address to Box A 1692, Boston, Mass., for free book, which tells you how to read your own fortune.

EVERY LADY HER OWN DRESSMAKER.



The COMFORT A, B, C DRESS-CUTTING SYSTEM, Free, as a Premium.

Easiest to understand. Best and cheapest. Gives the quickest results with least trouble. No figuring. No calculations. No blunders. Most correct shape of any system ever devised.

Every lady can learn more at a glance, using this system, than by many hours' study of others. The first trial will secure its adoption. It is equally valuable in the home or to the regular dressmaker.

Gives full instructions how every girl and woman can make for herself tasteful and well-fitting dresses, waists, and basques with the greatest ease and speed. Most scientific and exact results with the least measuring.

HERE IS WHAT WE GIVE:

One Regulation Size Differential Chart, One Dozen Sheets Pattern Paper, One Well-made Steel Tracing Wheel, One Regular Dressmaker's Tape Measure.

It is a heavily mounted chart over two yards long and two feet wide, having the different measurements all lined out for all kinds of garments, with Bust Measures from 25 to 46 inches. You get the Bust Measure of the person you want to cut a garment for and that one being the ONLY measurement required. Now it requires NO DRAFTING, for all the different sizes have been calculated and drafted right on to the chart by experts who have made it a business for twenty years, and you will find everything on the chart in shape, style and build of garments you want to use, and if you have old wearing apparel you want to make over into stylish fits, you go by the same system in changing them.

It costs NO MORE to have a STYLISH FITTING GALEMENT than a poor one, and you actually save 50 per cent on goods by using our system, it has been studied down to such a fine point by experienced draughtsmen. So it requires no mathematical calculations on your part at all (all other systems require a good deal), you just go by the plans all laid out for you. You will find it so SIMPLE, COMPLETE and PERFECT in all its patterns and departments that it can but be acknowledged to be a requisite in EVERY FAMILY, while ALL OTHER CHARTS are so complicated and high-priced that they are entirely worthless to any but the most experienced dressmakers. OURS makes EVERY ONE a dressmaker in ten minutes. The regular price of charts alone is \$2.00.

But to every one who will get up a club of six subscribers for Comfort at 25 cents per year, each in advance, we will send one of these Comfort Outfits FREE, we paying all express and mailing charges. By showing a copy of Comfort to your neighbors, friends, and acquaintance, you can easily get up a club in one evening; for COMFORT, with its many improvements and new, original, copyrighted departments, now needs only to be seen to be appreciated. To those who do not care to go to the trouble of getting a club, we will send COMFORT for one year, together with one of these Outfits (all express and mailing charges paid by us) upon receipt of one dollar. This offer holds good for three months only.

Ladies can make lots of money quickly, easily, and pleasantly. Write us at once for terms to agents.

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Haunts of the Eckland Place.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY MRS. E. S. N. RAYNER.

Copyright, 1893, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.

I HAD just bought the place cheap on account of its being haunted, and was on my way home when I met old Sally Ponsonby. She was tall and gaunt, with queer fierce black eyes; as she took off her sun-bonnet and leaned up against a tree, she looked haggard and witchlike, with straggling white hair falling about her brown, wrinkled face.

"Well, Mr. Richards," said she, "I heared yer wuz er gwine ter buy ther ole Ecklin Place."

"I have bought it; don't you think it's a good bargain?"

"Yes," she replied, looking me straight in the face, "ef buying what'll do yer no good is er good bargain."

"But I intend to live there."

"Tend ter live thar? Ha! ha! ha! 'tend to live thar? He repeated with an eldritch screech.

"Thar's ben er good menny thar 'tended ter live thar, but they didn't do it; nur you won't nuther."

Her face worked convulsively as she said this, and I thought her terrible experience at this place had unnerved her.

"Well, we'll see," said I, starting my horse. But she stopped me, laying her withered hand on my bridle.

"Mr. Richards, shorly yer will not resk yer wife an' chillun in thar place."

"But they're not afraid."

"They've never 'sperienced any thing like ther sights and sounds thar ha'n'ts thar air place er nights. Jest think uv 'em happening to be thar erlone some stormy dark night, an' dem air sights an' sounds er makin' uv thar ole place er hell upon ther yeth. An' jest think of them little chillun uv yurn bein' scart into spasms some night and maybe dyin' in convulsions!" she urged vehemently.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Ponsonby, to take such an interest in us; but we are not in the least afraid of the haunts."

"Yer'll change yer tune before dem ha'n'ts is through wid yer," she retorted angrily, as she jerked on her sun-bonnet and marched off.

"Strange that she should get so excited over my going to that place," I thought; and then I remembered her great trouble which people said had deranged her mind.

Ten years ago her only child, a weak-minded boy of eighteen, had been hanged for killing Mrs. Eckland.

The prosecution claimed that Mrs. Eckland was talking with Jim Ponsonby about one of her sheep which his dog had killed. Hot words passed between them, and Ponsonby lifted a heavy stick he held in his hand, and dealt her a blow, from which she fell dead.

The heart-broken mother protested that Jim had raised the stick to point to where his dog had found the sheep outside of her premises. Just at that moment Mrs. Eckland had fallen in one of the "spells" she was subject to, and when they raised her, she was dead.

I had always thought Mrs. Ponsonby's story was true, and that Mrs. Eckland's "spell" was brought on by a fit of anger.

But Jim and his mother had neither money nor influence, and he was condemned and executed.

The poor mother made desperate efforts to prove her son's innocence, and after he was condemned, journeyed on foot to the capital to obtain his pardon. Failing in this, she trudged home, exhausted and heart broken. She visited him daily carrying what poor delicacies her pitiful poverty could obtain; and remained with him every moment she could until the end. Even then, they had to tear her away by force.

They hurried through the terrible work of hanging him; and hearing the heart-rending cries of the mother, who had broken down the still warm body and hurried it to the grave they had dug. There they left it to the distracted mother who had begged to be allowed to fill up the grave alone. To this they readily consented, the most hardened among them being unable to bear the sight of her terrible grief.

After Jim's execution Sally Ponsonby disappeared, and it was supposed she had killed herself. But, after a time, she was again seen creeping about her cabin with the look of a hunted animal in her wild black eyes, constantly looking around as if afraid of being watched and pursued.

This happened ten years ago; and since then the Eckland House had been vacant, tenant after tenant having fled from its fearful sights and sounds.

The afternoon of the day we moved in, I was sitting on the porch resting and thinking of the strange stories about the place. I was looking at Jim Ponsonby's grave on the opposite hillside.

It was about sundown; a flash of light fell upon the grave, and there glided up out of it a strange mirage-like apparition—like a sheep, whose shining fleece seemed to be made of silvery light.

I hastened to the spot, but when I came near, it vanished. When I returned to the house there was the weird spectre in the same place.

I called one of my dogs, a notorious sheep killer, which I had only unchained long enough to move to his new quarters, and set him on the phantom sheep.

He made a dash toward it, but when near the grave suddenly stopped, wheeled and ran back to me with tucked tail, cowering, whining and shivering with fright.

This conduct of old Tray's gave me a queer turn, but in a few minutes the apparition disappeared altogether, and I went in the house.

After dark I came out on the porch, and while sitting still, thinking of my strange ghost, I caught a gleam of something white out in the yard, and out of the thick shrubbery glided a tall figure all in white moving slowly toward the gate.

I felt myself grow cold as I watched it, but I followed stealthily.

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I felt myself grow cold as I watched it, but I followed stealthily.

The phantom seemed to go straight through the closed gate, and disappeared among the trees on the outside.

I hurried to the spot, but finding nothing returned to the house, where my household were assembled on the porch.

"Dat's ole Miss Ecklin's sperrit," whispered the cook through her chattering teeth. "She's gwine out yonder to watch Jim Ponsonby's sperrit hangin' fum jat ar ole sycamore tree."

While she was speaking the moon came up from behind the hill, and lo! there in the clump of trees where the figure in white had disappeared, the body of the hanged man was dangling to and fro in the wind!

My horrified family ran screaming into the house, and shut the door. Calling up my nerve I went to investigate.

When I came to the clump of trees there was nothing to be seen save the moonlight shimmering down through the leaves.

It was a long time before my terrified family could be quieted and sent to bed. I sat up so long puzzling

over these apparitions that it was nearly day when I dozed off in my chair.

I was awakened by the most blood curdling shrieks that ever pierced human ear. They filled the air with cutting shrillness, like the cries of some one in excruciating agony.

I sprang up and ran to the children's room thinking something dreadful had happened there. As I reached the door I heard my wife calling me in terrified tones. I found the children trembling and sobbing in fright, and my youngest, a delicate little girl, struggling in my wife's arms, wild and uncontrollable in her terror.

"I believe she will go into convulsions," cried my wife.

I took the little thing and soothed her as best I could in the general uproar. For, although the fearful screaming had ceased it was followed by horrible groans which seemed to come from under our feet.

The excitement did not calm until daylight. Early in the morning I carried my family off the place, but returned myself in the afternoon, determined to investigate those ghost proceedings and solve the mysteries.

At sundown the sheep spectre came again to the grave, but proved as elusive as before, leaving me confused and baffled.

Again at dark the figure in long white drapery glided out from among the shrubbery. I followed rapidly and silently.

The figure quickened its pace, passed through the gate and left it slightly ajar.

I rushed through after it, but it disappeared in a thicket of undergrowth.

My little dog ran barking and growling into the thicket, and I followed until I fell across a big log, and almost on a white thing crouching behind it.

I clutched it, and although it struggled desperately, I held it firmly.

It was a human being. I dragged it into the open space, where by the dim light I recognized the gaunt form of old Sally Ponsonby!

"What are you doing here? you old wretch!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean by trying to frighten the life out of people in this way? I'll teach you to come ghosting through my premises and making the place uninhabitable by your pranks! I'll make you suffer for this!"

It occurred to me that she had some set purpose at the bottom of all these sights and sounds, and I was curious to know what it was.

The old creature began to shiver and whine.

"Oh, don't put me in jail! Ef yer puts me in jail what'll become uv him? O Lord! Lord! What'll become uv him?"

"Who are you talking about?" I asked curiously.

"Oh Lord! I've done it now! I've done it now! I've told on him an' they'll put him in jail an' hang him again! Oh Lord! Lord!" she cried, weeping and swaying her body to and fro in the abandon of her grief and terror.

"Mrs. Ponsonby," I said kindly, "you shall not be harmed at all. Only tell me what is the meaning of all the sights and sounds about this place."

She grew more quiet. "I'll tell yer all erbout it, ef yer'll promise not ter tell on him, an' not to let no harm come ter him. I've kep him out uv thar way all this time an' I'll kep him out uv thar way still, if yer'll only help me."

"Who in the world are you talking about?"

"Jim."

"But my poor woman, Jim has been dead these ten years."

"I said pilingly."

"William Richards, will yer hole up yer hansefere God ermighty and swear thar yer will not harm Jim Ponsonby, an' not let nobody else harm him?" she asked solemnly.

Curious to hear what she had to say I did as she wished.

She then told me the following:

When she was left alone with the body of her son, she discovered that he was still alive.

Wild with joy and fear of discovery, she filled in the grave, and dragged the insensible boy to the Eckland House which was uninhabited, and hid him in the cellar. There he had lived all these years, never venturing out except at night.

She did not know that he could not be tried and executed twice for the same offense, and to make his hiding place secure, she determined to make the place so terribly haunted that no one would dare live in it or go near it after dark. And well she had succeeded.

In the cellar was a large mirror broken into two odd looking pieces. One afternoon the sun slanting in fell upon the pieces and threw on the wall two reflections—one like a sheep, the other like a man. This gave the old woman an idea.

Every afternoon, just before sunset, she concealed herself near the spot where Jim Ponsonby was supposed to be buried, and by the reflection of one piece of mirror, she made to appear on the grave the weird, uncanny apparition of the sheep. About dark, she arrayed herself in white and promenade the yard, personating old Mrs. Eckland's ghost. On moonlight nights she concealed herself near the gate, and by the aid of the moon and the other piece of mirror, she threw another reflection which seemed to be a man hanging from one of the trees in front of the gate.

She had a powerful, shrill voice, and from a hiding place near the house, gave vent to the terrible screams and groans which made the night hideous.

Heartily admiring her untiring devotion and resourceful strategy, I assisted her to restore her son to living association among his fellow men. His resurrection created a profound sensation, but the community which had long been convinced of his innocence, received him most cordially.

WORLD'S FAIR ITEMS.

An ideal almshouse is one of the curiosities of the Fair.

Live sharks are shown in the Fisheries department.

Brazil sends 1,000 samples of wheat, corn and other grains.

A hen that walks backward is one of the freaks of the Fair.

Queen Isabella's sword may be seen in the Woman's Building.

Canada contributes a block of pure nickle weighing 4,600 pounds.

The original manuscript of the "Sweet By and Bye" is exhibited in a frame.

Some of the booths in the Agricultural Exhibit cost from \$2,000 to \$15,000 apiece.

The Bell Telephone Co. shows models of all the five hundred patents they control.

The ebony which is used for supports to the Cingalese building cost \$300 a ton.

Forty thousand rough diamonds are Cape Colony's contribution to the Mines Building.

Russian women occupy 3,000 square feet with their exhibit of the handwork of their sex.

There is a Shetland pony on the Plaisance so small that her shoes are made of \$20 gold pieces.

One ivory tusk, seven and a half feet long, is shown in the Cape Colony section. It is worth \$1,300.

Fifty thousand chrysanthemums are being raised for the floral display which will close the Fair.

The famous Jacquard looms are seen in the Machinery Building, weaving intricate designs on silk.

Great search lights, such as are used on ships at sea on dark nights, are employed every night at the Fair.

An astronomical clock from Sydney, Australia, illustrates the motions of the Sun, Moon, Earth, Venus and Mercury.

A piece of meteoric iron weighing two hundred and thirty tons, which was recently picked up in Arizona, may be seen in the Liberal Arts Building.

The chair, the table, and the inkstand that Thomas Jefferson used when he signed the Declaration of Independence, are shown in the Pennsylvania Building.

A kinetograph, which transmits scenes to the eye as well as sounds to the ear, and which is one of Mr. Edison's latest inventions is exhibited in the Electric Building.

A dwarf cedar three hundred years old was shipped from Japan last winter, but died on the passage. It is exhibited, however, near the main entrance of the Horticultural Building.

Instruments of torture such as were used in prisons in ancient times, including some from the Tower of London and some from Nuremberg, are shown in the Anthropological Building.

HAPPENINGS HERE AND THERE.

It is estimated that an average of two people a week die of starvation in London.

There have been 1,173 burials in Westminster Abbey. Tennyson was the eighth poet laureate to be buried there.

A movement is on foot in the labor unions of Chicago, to make Saturday, instead of Sunday, the day of rest this summer.

The San Martin Volcano, near the city of Mexico, has broken out after a hundred years of quiet, alarming everybody in the district.

Senator Mackay of California has bought the biggest sapphire in the world for his wife. It cost \$150,000, and formerly belonged to a Russian prince.

Dr. Haffkine, an eminent bacteriologist, has inoculated over 400 persons near Bombay, India, against the cholera. So far, the results are excellent.

A woman was recently blown from the pier at Chicago into the lake from when she was rescued with great difficulty, thus justifying Chicago's claim to be called the "windy city."

Mr. Horace Beckford of Beverly, Mass., captured the original rules and regulations of Libby Prison at the surrender of Richmond, and will exhibit them at the World's Fair this summer.

It was proposed to exhibit at the World's Fair a horse which coasted down a steep hill near Portland, Oregon, last winter. He was attached to a sled without shafts, and when his burden slipped against his heels he reared after the manner of his kind. He was a little too frisky, however, as he went over, landed on his back on the sled, and reached the bottom without the slightest injury to either horse or sled.

A GREATER DISCOVERY THAN ELECTRICITY.

As if by Magic it Restores Hopeless, Bedridden Sufferers. Endorsed by Board of Health.

"Worth a Thousand Dollars a Box."

From San Bernardino, California.

Mr. M. Logsdon of this place has taken the agency for the sale of a most wonderful new discovery, the use of which by many of our well-known citizens has caused them to doubt if the days of miracles are over.

So astonishing have been its effects in restoring helpless, bed-ridden invalids who have been given up by doctors as incurable, to perfect health and vigor, that it has been pronounced a greater discovery than electricity.

Among these people are A. J. Felter, the attorney at law, ex-Judge A. D. Boran, John T. Knox, justice of the peace, Mrs. J. C. Carter, T. W. McIntosh, Mrs. J. G. Sloan, L. E. Beckley, and a host of others.

The article in question is called Oxien, and is the discovery and sole property of the Giant Oxie Company, of Augusta, Maine. Every man of prominence in that city, including the mayor, postmaster, city physician, bank officials, and heads of the municipal government has publicly endorsed it as being all that its owners claim for it.

Analysis and public test show that this discovery differs from anything and everything heretofore placed upon the market. While it is neither a stimulant, tonic, or medicine, it accomplishes what all these are recommended for but so seldom achieve.

Judging from its marvelous effects, it appears to be the only real nerve, blood and brain food and agent for imparting new vital power that has yet been discovered.

In case after case where the efforts of the best physicians and the use of remedies heretofore relied upon have failed utterly, this wonderful discovery has given quick relief and permanent cure.

Surrounded by such evidences of its genuine worth, and its unequal power to combat and overcome the gravest complications as well as the lesser ills from which they spring, and which humanity is so prone to neglect at the outset, this discovery holds out hope to every sufferer. From the mouths of thankful, willing witnesses, proof is daily received of its matchless health-giving, strength-renewing qualities.

HERE ARE A FEW FACTS

which tell how the greatest of all fortunes—health—was secured by the investment of a dollar. Over one hundred and sixty thousand similar cases are on file in the offices of the Giant Oxie Company, and open to public inspection.

Physicians insist that Bright's Disease is incurable, yet Mr. John T. Knox, the well-known justice of the peace, says: "Oxien has completely cured me of Bright's Disease and nervous troubles. I am better now than I have been for ten years; perfectly well, stout and hearty."

Consumption is another of the diseases which is looked upon by all as being fatal. Yet Josiah Van Loan says that after vainly trying a great many doctors he at last went to the Soldiers' Home, where he grew steadily worse until the surgeon said he would not live two weeks. He came home to San Bernardino to die. In describing his miraculous recovery he says: "Mr. Logsdon heard of me, hunted me up, and persuaded me to try Oxien. I began to improve right away. Yesterday I walked to town, and I feel like a new man. Oxien saved me from a consumptive's grave."

Alta I. Bowen suffered terribly for many years with that mysterious malady of the nerves, neuralgia. "I had tried doctors and patent medicines, getting no relief," she says. "Oxien was recommended to me and I thought I would give it a trial. Although I have taken but a small quantity—two Giant boxes in all—I must say it has given me great relief."

"About three years ago I was seized with an attack of La Grippe," writes H. M. Wallace, "from the debilitating effects of which I have suffered ever since, having a severe cough, pains in the head, back, and limbs, also extreme nervousness, amounting almost to nervous prostration. After taking three boxes of Oxien every trace of the alarming symptoms vanished."

Another who loudly sounds the praises of Oxien is Mrs. T. W. McIntosh. Under her observation has come the case of a person half paralyzed, confined to the bed and suffering the most extreme pain, who now, by the use of Oxien, is able to rest well nights, go about, and do hard work.

For the manifold ills from which women suffer, its value is no less pronounced. From Mrs. George Easton come words of the strongest praise. "My two daughters, myself, and also my sister, as well as many others in town have used the Giant Nerve Food, Oxien. It is the best medicine for ladies and girls I ever saw, giving ease, strength, and comfort; just building them up."

And from Miss Rosa Velasquez, the following: "For thirteen years I suffered with catarrh, but tried

this Wonderful Food for the Nerves, and so my joy am now perfectly well."

The attorney at Law, A. J. Felter, Esq., says that after using but one box of Oxien he found great relief from kidney trouble, from which he had been a sufferer for several years, and Mrs. M. L. Armentrout writes to the discoverers of this remedy: "Three years ago a high trestle fell on my little boy, injuring his spine. A large abscess formed, and one leg was also affected. Doctors gave him no relief, merely placing him in plaster of Paris jackets and giving him opiates. One day his grandmother gave him Oxien. He rapidly grew better, slept soundly nights, his leg and back mended, and in one month's time he was a stout healthy boy, running about the place. Oxien did it."

Mr. Logsdon himself first had his attention called to the wonderful curative powers of Oxien by the results it achieved in his own case, building up his constitution after severe and prolonged attacks of the Grippe, for which doctors had failed to afford any relief. The marvelous success which followed its use by other members of his family led to his recommending it to every sufferer that he could reach, and the joy and thanksgiving that has gone with it to every invalid and every home well justifies his statement that the worth of Oxien is "ten thousand dollars a box." Yet it is sold at the very reasonable price of a dollar for a Giant box, or a smaller trial size, at thirty-five cents. While the remedy is within the reach of all, its results render it a priceless to the sufferer.

From its effects right in our own community, it is not too much to say that Oxien brings, to the weak, weary, and infirm, the vigor of youth, and banishes suffering as if by magic.

We are pleased to announce that for the next 30 days the Giant Oxie Co. will send free prepaid samples of Oxien to all who desire to give it a trial.

STARTLING FACTS.

From the Fall River "News."

That Thomas Bostock of this city is still alive will be news to a good many people in and about Fall River, where he has been widely known for many years; and that he is not only actually alive, but very well and happy, will be still greater news. The startling facts concerning his marvelous rescue are given in the following personal letter to the editor. His escape from death seems almost like a miracle, and we would like to know if any one else has ever met with a similar experience. Mr. Bostock was for more than 10 years engaged in the furniture business here, and his communication will be read with great interest.

FALL RIVER, MASS.

To the Editor:—As "dead men tell no tales," my writing this letter right here in Fall River where I am daily attending to my business, will, I hope, prove to the press and public that I am not dead, as reported, but very much alive. It is true that just one year ago I stood on the brink of the grave in a foreign land, never expecting to see my friends again; but it is equally true that today I am here in the flesh, a free, well and happy man. I write this letter with feelings of gratitude, that my friends in and around Fall River, where I have lived over seventeen years, may learn of my experience, and how I was saved. Only those who can picture to themselves the awful agony of a man who daily feels and hears that he lies at best but a few weeks more to live, can form any idea of what I passed through.

When I sailed for England one year ago, it was with feelings of a drowning man who grasps at a straw; for I was a physical wreck, and had been told by no less than six physicians, including the well known Dr. Guerin, that I was incurable, and that the only thing that could prolong my life for even a brief period was a foreign trip.

I had grown steadily worse ever since April, 1889, when I was first taken sick. I was so racked with bodily pains that when I ventured out I used to fall down in the streets, and my friends now tell me that they daily expected to see a notice of my death in the newspapers. I went from doctor to doctor and tried everything that was suggested, without obtaining relief. Every physician I went to had a different theory as to what ailed me, and a new course of treatment to offer. Heart trouble, kidney disease, stomach disorders, and sciatic rheumatism were among the ailments for which they treated me; and after I had taken their medicines and had become almost helpless, I was, as I have said, advised to go to England, as that alone could prolong my life. I therefore went to Yorkshire, where I consulted two eminent physicians, who after treating me without benefit, told me frankly that my case was hopeless, and that if I wished to die among my friends I should hasten back to America.

On my return I was prevailed upon by Mr. John Slinn, general agent of the Vermont Life Insurance Company to try something which he said had lifted him from a severe sickness. I took his advice, although I felt that nothing could benefit me or bring me back to health. The article he recommended is a Nerve Food called Oxien, and Mr. Slinn procured some for me from the discoverers, the Giant Oxie Company, in Augusta, Maine. Its use brought me relief from the first day, and by day I grew steadily stronger, until, after taking it regularly some weeks, I was a well man. During this time I took no other medicine, and was under no other treatment of any kind, and can truthfully say that Oxien is not only a wonderful Food for the Nerves, as claimed by its proprietors, but that it is the one medicine which snatched me from the verge of the grave, after all others failed, and after eight physicians had treated me in vain and had given up my case as hopeless and incurable. There is nobody living today who feels more grateful for anything than I do for the remedy named. I have recommended it to various friends and acquaintances, and in every case it has worked wonders. By publishing the foregoing facts you will confer a favor upon me, and, I feel sure, a benefit upon sufferers.

THOMAS BOSTOCK.

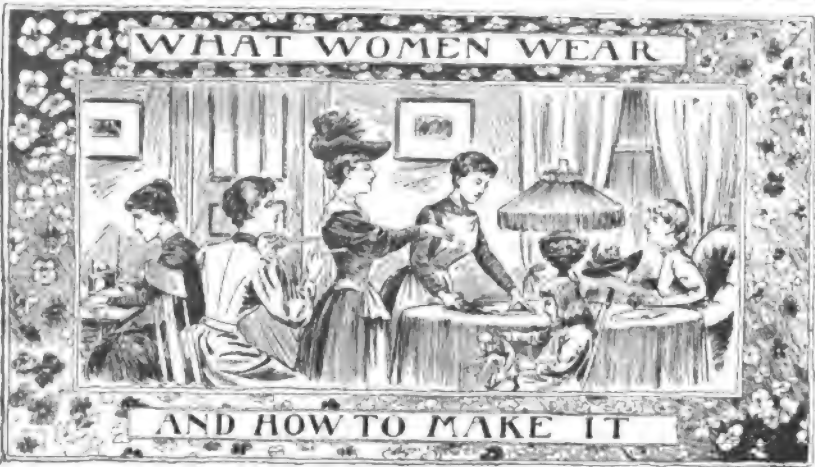
24 Pearl Street, Fall River, Mass.

TO THE PUBLIC.

While the above cure sounds, as the "News" says like a miracle, thousands of just such cures are being effected all over the country by Oxien. Nothing like it has ever been known, and nothing like Oxien has ever been discovered. It is the only true food for the nerves, blood and brain. It lifts weary, hopeless sufferers from beds of sickness, not for a day or a week, but permanently, by giving them new nerve force, new strength, new vigor, new life. It does not stimulate. It does not excite. But it imparts vital force and the fire of youth to the human system. Where doctors and medicines utterly fail and all other remedies prove useless, Oxien cures and cures permanently. It cures people who have been bedridden for years and who have been given up to die. This wonderful food for the nerves is proclaimed by all who use it to be one of the greatest discoveries of the age. It brings new life in every case, and in order to prove this fact to you The Giant Oxie Co., Augusta, Maine will send free, postpaid, samples of Oxien, if you will send your address at once; also show you how to help your fellowmen and make a large sum of money in an honorable business.

In view of its startling success a lot of swindling concerns have sprung up who try to profit by this wonderful discovery at the expense of the owners and the public. Sufferers should not allow themselves to be misled.





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WAS sent to the World's Fair by Comfort, and met a woman several times on the grounds in an outfit that was both novel and beautiful. No matter how worn and uncomfortable other people looked, she seemed always fresh and vigorous. Before I spoke to her at all, I made up my mind that it was because she was so sensibly dressed, and also that I would become acquainted with that woman, and get the benefit of her experience and good sense for my readers. Accordingly, one day when she was talking with one of the lady managers of my acquaintance, I went up and asked for an introduction, and after a few minutes I asked her how it happened that, as I had noticed, she never seemed tired out like other women.

"Well," she began, "I think it is because I am dressed for service."
"And still," I said, glancing at her gown, "there is not a handsomer dress on the grounds. Would you object to telling me your secret—if there is any?"
"Not in the least," she answered cordially. "To begin with, I wear as little under clothing as I can possibly get along with, but nothing flimsy. Good healthy underwear is within the reach of all nowadays, and I prefer the silk sponge to any other kind, myself. I wear only one undershirt—a colored silk, or, on rainy days, a moreen one. My dress, however, I consider as the greatest success. Do you notice the material? It is the new silk home-spun. Every thread of it is silk, woven by a peculiar process which gives it a rough effect. Dust cannot cling to it. It resists rain, does not shrink, and wears like iron. Its chief value for a sight-seeing costume, however, is in its exceeding lightness, so that I carry no extra weight at all."

I looked at it curiously. The fabric was indeed handsome. I said that I had never seen anything like it.
"No," she answered, "it is destined to be very popular. I have a white yachting suit of it—shoes and all."

And then she held out her pretty foot for me to examine. She wore tan-colored stockings, and her tan shoes were also different from anything I had seen.
"They are made of the same material as my dress," she answered, "and I think they are one secret of my not getting tired so easily as other people. You see they are light and easy. I had a troublesome corn on one foot, but I never remember it with these shoes. The fabric admits of ventilation and my feet are never moist or tired. The shoes keep their shape and do not stretch, and yet they wear well and are entirely comfortable."

"Yes, but how about the cost?" I asked.
"Not expensive, considering their quality and wear," she said. "My dress was 75 cents a yard; but there is a quality at 60 cents. It took ten yards to make this gown. The shoes were hand-made and cost only four dollars; and as they outwear any other kind I consider them cheap."

"May I make a sketch of your gown for Comfort readers?" I asked, for I am always on the lookout for new ideas for this department.
"Certainly," was the cordial reply, "and tell them they cannot do better than to get one like it."

It was a tan-colored dress. The skirt was cut plain, with the flaring effect round the bottom that is considered necessary this summer. It was well off the ground, giving it a clean, natty effect and was buttoned at the left-front with one large tan-colored velvet button. The waist was made up with a plain round bodice, with the material buttoning with another large button, across the plain yoke of tan-colored velvet. The waist fastened "blindly" at the side, and a velvet belt finished the bottom. The sleeves were made "mutton leg" with a very narrow velvet cuff. The silk gloves matched the gown as did the shoes. The hat was a white wide-brimmed sailor with a band of tan velvet and a jaunty wing.

For chilly days, or for evening when the lake breezes blow up cool, she had a shoulder-cape of the same material, of which I will speak later. (Most of the other visitors either carried heavy winter wraps or none at all, and I learned more or less uncomfortable.)
On my return to New York and Boston I find that the new material is going to be worn a

great deal this fall and winter; and as it makes up so stylishly needing very little trimming, I am glad to put this material, which is of American make, on the list of durable and reliable new things which I can recommend to Comfort readers.

There is at last something new in blouse waists. Do you know that Comfort's World's Fair Dress has proved the most popular traveling suit that has been worn for years? At Chicago eight out of every ten women have worn something either just exactly like it, or a close imitation. The short Eton jacket and plain round skirt that just clears the ground have made up such a true Comfort dress, that everybody has been glad to adopt it. And, although we designed it primarily for the World's Fair, many ladies have worn it abroad, and one woman was asked the other day in Paris if it was our "national costume!" The questioner, a Frenchwoman, had seen so many of them, that she thought it was the American woman's uniform!



SERPENTINE BLOUSE.

Of course these suits admit of a variety of blouse waists; and consequently the blouse plays a very significant part in every woman's wardrobe, not only the young, but the middle-aged wearing them as never before. The new blouse is called the Serpentine Bodice, and is a cross between the ordinary blouse and the surplice waist of a few seasons back. And, what makes it welcome to all, is that it is becoming to stout women as well as to thin. It requires neither belt nor ribbon, and as it is really a very simple affair, although elaborate in effect, I am going to give some diagrams and directions by which any of you who can cut anything can make one. You will use an ordinary waist pattern, (such as many of you have and know that it fits you,) for the lining, which should be of silesia. Seven yards of silk, 43-4 of goods a yard wide, or 37-8 of material 44 inches wide will be needed. The peculiarity of the waist lies in the front which should be cut very carefully. Mark off for the outside a strip of material 52 inches long and 27 wide. Lay the front of your waist pattern on the upper straight edge of the cloth so that the goods shall run straight from the lower point of the shoulder, to the front lower point of lining at the belt, and the lower end of the side-seam shall be against the selvage edge of the material. The lower point of the shoulder seam will come, also, to the cut edge of the cloth. Be sure and see that your pattern lies on the goods as described, for the proper wrinkling of the waist across the bust can be secured in no other way. Begin to cut at the arm-hole and follow it closely, cutting the material one inch beyond which must afterwards be folded into the lower corner of the arm-eye. The outside must be cut one inch wider the entire length of the under arm seam, taking care to let the corner be exactly even with the waist-line. Shirr the front shoulder with four rows of gathers to the exact length of lining-shoulder.

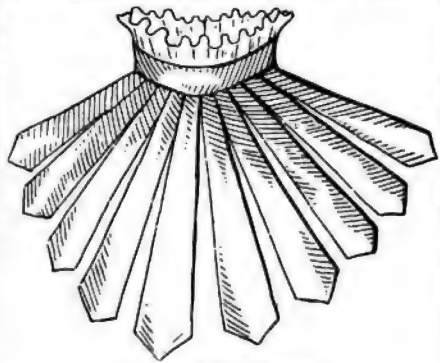
For the back, lay on the double cloth on the back and side-back forms (which must have been previously fitted and stitched up) and allowing a wide under-arm seam as the diagram shows. Let the material extend two inches below the shoulder seam. The under-arm pieces should be made exactly like the lining. When you are ready to make the waist (of course, in this case it would be necessary to fit the lining before putting on the outside) join both the shoulder and under-arm seams. Stitch a casing across the back at the waist-line, and through it run two ribbons or tape, fastening one at each end and letting them pass each other. Hem the exposed edges of the back, and also sew neatly the curved edges of the front. The next thing is the rolling collar. If the cloth is thirty inches wide or more, cut the collar without a seam, using the fold for the center of the back; but if narrow cut in two pieces and join the selvage edges. In either case have the back of the collar (one half of which is given), run on the straight edge of the goods. The dotted line within the straight of the collar indicates the seam for narrow goods, and is one inch from the edge. In cutting without a seam bear this in mind, and remember that the collar must be just so much shorter than when cut with a seam. If your curve is first drawn and then cut correctly, your collar will be the right shape. Make it double, and if it be silk use a lining of crinoline, then seam it to the neck of the blouse from the center of the back to its extreme point. Roll over on a line such as indicated by the row of double dots. Make either ordinary shirt-sleeves with cuffs, or the loose, wrinkled leg-o'-mutton sleeves. This waist can be made of India or wash silks, lawn, merino, or cotton.

When you put the Serpentine Blouse on, tie the

back down under the skirt with the ribbon, cross the fichu front at the waist-line, carry the ends round to the back and knot. You can draw and pin down the folds in front of the waist-line to make graceful curves if you like. The neck can be finished with a full frill, instead of the collar if desired, and sometimes a ruffle of lace is used.

To go back to my Fair friend at Chicago, the little cape which she carried on her arm reminds me of what one of our foreign correspondents tells me. When she first went over to England, she noticed that girls on coming home from tennis meets, etc., wore straw out-ting hats on their heads, and fur capes over their shoulders. The combination did look queer enough to her, although she found it a common one throughout England. Of course, the girls, after exercising, needed something over their shoulders on the ride home; but the heavy fur capes for winter seem hardly the thing for protection against a slight breeze. How much more sensible are the light, round cloth capes which are used so commonly this summer. Only the shoulders and neck need extra protection on many occasions, and the cloth cape which is much more easily put on than the jacket is just the thing. They are made of ladies' cloth, flannel, and often of material like the dress. White silk home-spun cloth makes lovely capes for summer evenings. Velvet ones will be quite extensively worn this fall and winter, and according to present indications the shoulder cape is a necessity of the coming season for the woman who wants to combine fashion with convenience and usefulness, as I am sure all Comfort readers do.

A pretty collarette often gives a finish to an old gown, or makes an ordinary one fit for dress occasions. We give an illustration which will show you how to make one at home. The tabs are made of velvet or satin, to lie flat all round the shoulder. They must be lined with crinoline to keep them smooth and straight. The straight band around the neck should also be stiffened in the same way. A ruffle of chiffon or lace finishes the top. Jet or passamenterie balls at the end of each tab give it a nice finish. This collarette should, of course, be made separate from the dress, to be worn on special occasions. If it is made of black it can be used to brighten up different dresses; and it is astonishing how such a garniture freshens up and changes the entire effect of an old gown.



A PRETTY COLLARETTE.

Among the items of fashion that every woman should know are the following:

That little children are wearing sun-bonnets again. They are made after the patterns that we all wore when we were little, and some of them are elaborately ruffled.

That extra wide skirts are not meeting with favor, and there will be a tendency to narrower ones this fall.

That our Paris correspondent already sends us a sketch of the narrow bell-skirt of last year, as the "latest thing" at Versailles; and that shirring on both waist and sleeves is popular.

That cork is used for bonnets, having been so treated that it can be twisted into bows; and that bands of cork are being prepared for lining the hems of dresses, so that they cannot possibly become damp.

That colored stockings are very much in vogue again, and white ones are extensively worn by fashionable women in Europe.

That ribbon trimming, either laid on plain, or in gathered ruffles, is a popular skirt garniture: That last year's black straw hats and bonnets, if freshened up by a coat of liquid shoe-polish, and trimmed after the fashion of the present season, will look "as good as new."

That light China wash-silks make pretty baby cloaks for summer, and they can be easily laundered.

That small boy's suits are much worn of blue serge trimmed with gold braid and worn with a blue and white, or red and white blouse. (Our June number gave a good illustration of this popular style.)

That small figured silk with black ground makes up into serviceable blouse waists; and that an old silk skirt can be made into a blouse and yield considerable more wear.

That brown linen dresses, such as were fashionably worn twenty years ago, are again in style and are light, cool and do not soil easily. They are made with full skirts and open coats with broad lapels.

That white pique is again as fashionable as it was in 1870, and does not catch dirt readily.

That wide-brimmed sailor hats are almost universally worn by young women.

That tan and light shoes are very popular; but in case the shoes are of any color except black, the gloves and stockings should match them.

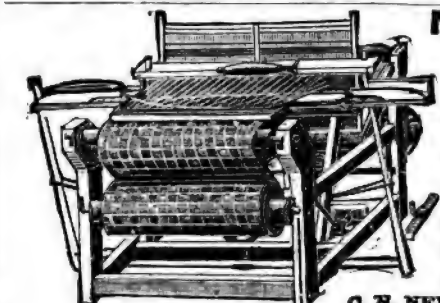
That long, round waists are the proper thing now, the short Empire styles having gone out.

That the hoop-skirt scare has died a natural death; and that common sense and convenience are always to be considered before the extremes and vagaries of fashion.

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CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

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Practical Electricity For Boys.

III.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY H. EDWARD SWIFT.

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An electrical outfit free! That is just what our astonishing offer which will close the 15th of next month, amounts to. Bright boys in nearly every State in the Union were not slow to "make hay while the sun shines," and already have not only electrical bells in complete working order, but possess a store of knowledge about electricity which enables them to make money with this marvel of the 19th century.

Among the many letters we have received, there is one from Thompson J. McCann, Cheboygan, Mich., which shows how easily a boy can get an electrical outfit entirely free by taking advantage of COMFORT's extraordinary offer. This lad sends us a club of one hundred and ten new subscribers, which gives him a profit of sixteen dollars and a half. Now, there are thousands of other boys in every State who, by devoting a few hours' time to it, could get up clubs of not only one hundred subscribers, but of two, three and five hundred and a thousand subscribers; for every wide awake person finds that people are ready to subscribe for COMFORT on sight. It costs but twenty five cents per year, and publishes every month more original, practical copy-righted matter than appears in hundreds if not thousands of ordinary papers put together. Another boy, Walter S. Wright, of Hartford, Conn., sends a club of subscribers all of which he secured on a single street, thus leaving the field still open to hundreds of other boys right in the same town. From Nahant, Mass., Warren P. Taylor sends a club and promises to get up half a dozen more clubs before the offer closes.

Every boy in the Union, whether in city, town or country, can, by a little effort, without spending a single penny, procure a complete electrical outfit—battery, bell and telegraph instrument, and even an electrical motor, by getting up COMFORT clubs and retaining 15 cents for every new subscriber he procures, thus enabling him to buy the necessary materials with which to study and develop practical electricity as a pleasure and profit-bringing pastime. And he can also put money in the bank by selling, at a good price, the bells and other instruments which COMFORT teaches him to make and enables him to get free.

Nothing has ever had so important an influence upon the business success of the world as electricity. And COMFORT offers many a boy the chance of a lifetime.

If you will carefully look over the premium offers in this issue of COMFORT, you will find that the publishers give for three new yearly subscribers (at 25 cents each), the Perfect Telegraph Key, together with book of instruction and the complete Morse alphabet. This key is not arranged for use in the circuit, but is merely a practice key for training the ear to read by sound. While this task is being thoroughly mastered the key described in this article (Fig. 2) will answer nicely for telegraphing by means of the bells, and while your speed increases you can easily earn enough ready money by means of our special offer (Cash for Boys) to purchase either a regular standard telegraph key for about \$2, or a key and sounder combined for from \$4 to \$6. With the latter, the bells could be dispensed with, as soon as the young operator learned to read the quick clicks of the sounder.

Now, as my article in the present issue is to be devoted to telegraphy by the use of bells, it will be a first-rate plan for you to get three subscribers and get the Practice Telegraph Key free, and then after making the key described below, and running your wires as indicated you will have the apparatus complete—that is, supposing you have made the bells and the battery described in the last two articles. You will also receive with the Practice Key the complete Morse alphabet and full instructions for using it, so I shall not go into the details of that. By the way, whatever materials you need in making the instruments or battery I have described, can be bought through your nearest hardware store, or at any store where electrical goods are sold. COMFORT cannot undertake to tell each of the hundreds of thousands of boys who read these articles just where to go for his supplies. Your nearest storekeeper or hardware man can, however, either supply you or inform you where you can get the articles by mail, but first of all you should consult the advertising columns of COMFORT, which will usually give you the desired information.

In the June COMFORT I told you how to make a circuit closer for ordinary bell call work; to use this for telegraph work, it will be necessary to make an addition in the shape of a brass strap shaped like Fig. 1, with a hole in each end for screws. It should be about 3-8 inch high under the center. Place it in position on the key base as shown in Fig. 2, with the brass strap touching the top of the key spring A, and then with short pieces of wire connect the screw B with the strap B; the point C with the screw C; and the key spring A with the screw A, all as shown by the dotted lines. The best way to do this is to have the connecting wires all underneath the block. The bells you have made will not ring over more than 400 feet of wire so you must be careful not to get your line up before you know what you can do. If you wish to ring over a longer distance you will need larger coils with more wire, or wind a smaller sized wire on the same coils. Number 26 wire will ring about 800 feet, if wound on the same spools as you used for the number 24 wire. To run



Fig. 1.

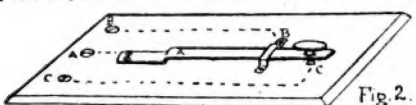
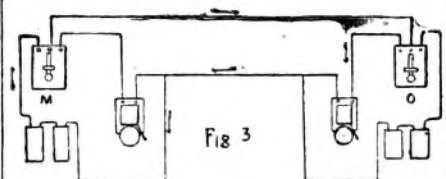


Fig. 2.

your line you will need the proper length of number 14 galvanized iron wire. In running two lines side by side or one above the other, they should not be nearer than two feet from each other unless the line is short and should be securely fastened on the buildings and poles over which you run, with porcelain picture knobs. These knobs act as insulators and keep the current from leaking out and being wasted. After stretching the lines carefully twist a piece of number

18 annunciator wire to each end of your wires and carry it through the wall of the house, (at the corner of a window casing would be a good place), and to the place selected for your instruments. This must be done at each end of your lines. Now follow the diagram in Fig. 3, and you will see how the instruments should be placed in reference to each other. Be careful always to connect the wire from the bell to the screw B, on the Key, and wire from the battery to the screw C.

Suppose you are at M, and wish to signal your friend at O. Press the key and the current will come from the battery along the line in the direction repre-



sented by the arrows back to the battery again, and if your friend at O presses his key the same thing will happen only in a reverse direction. The Morse code of signals can be readily adapted to use with electric bells for the purpose of carrying on conversation at a distance by giving short and long rings for the dots and dashes, and its alphabet can be easily learned. It will be noticed that the strokes to represent a letter do not in any case exceed four, and that all the figures are represented by five strokes of varying length to each figure. Stops, and other marks of punctuation, are represented by six strokes which in their combinations represent two or three letters respectively. In sending signals to represent stops, no regard must be had to the letters they represent, these are only given to aid the memory and are not to be represented separately on the bell. Bell signals must be given with a certain regularity as to time; indeed to carry on a conversation in the way necessary to clear reading at the other end of the line, one must be as careful in time as when playing a march on a piano. The dots of the letter should be represented by holding down the key while counting one and the dashes by two, whilst the spaces between words, figures and stops should be equal to the time taken to count three. You must not expect to become an expert all at once, but begin by making the letters slowly and keeping up regular time. When you do not understand a word or the letter your friend is sending you, break in by making a series of dots as fast as you can, having it understood between yourselves that that is the signal to repeat the word or letter as the case may be. There are many places where this system of signaling is very handy and signals representing questions or commands can be arranged so as to be intelligible when heard at a short distance.

There are a great many uses to which an electric bell can be put by a smart, wide awake boy. If you live in the country and are troubled with poultry thieves you can put a connection on the door or the window of the chicken house, and by using heavy rubber insulated wire, can bury the wires and make connection with the bell in the house. The heavy rubber insulation will prevent the electricity from leaking into the earth and being lost. Circuit closers can also be arranged on doors and windows, in such a way as to make it impossible for any one to enter without giving the alarm. But for boys who live in the country there is nothing so fascinating and instructive as putting up a short telegraph line. By winding the bells properly, that is to say, putting on enough wire for a distance of a thousand feet of line you can have more than one station, and have a certain signal for each one on the circuit. Your signal may be K (dash, dot, dash) and your friend Harry will answer to the signal R (dot, dash, dot), and so on. In calling always use the specified signal. It is quite a neat way to communicate when wishing to impart a secret when others are within hearing distance, as with a lead pencil a message can be easily rapped out between the teeth or on any hard substance. A band of train robbers was once captured in this way. They had boarded a train with the intention of holding it up at a convenient specified point on the route. Two telegraph operators were on the train bound for their stations in the West, and one was seated in the end of the car near the smoking car and the other was sitting opposite the four men, who were talking together in low tones. He noticed that they were trying hard to keep their coats buttoned closely but suspected nothing, until one of them in an unguarded moment pulled his coat back and disclosed the butts of a brace of revolvers. He took a closer look at the men and concluded they were all well armed, and it instantly came to his mind that they meant to rob the train, or rather the express car. He hardly knew what to do, but in a moment he thought he could signal his friend to carefully step out into the smoking car and give the conductor and messenger his suspicions. He surmised that at a long straight stretch about two miles before they arrived at the next station, the robbers would go forward into the baggage and express car and would overpower the conductor and messenger while no one in the rear would be the wiser, and when the train reached the station, a lonesome place, they would have robbed the express safe and be ready to jump from the train and escape. With his lead pencil he quickly commenced a rat, tat, tat on the car window, making the words "don't stir, but listen." Soon his friend caught the familiar sound, and started a little, but was all attention, without appearing to be, and before many seconds had received this message, "Charlie, the four men opposite me are train robbers and you must go carefully into the smoker and there notify the conductor of your suspicions. I dare not leave my seat." A look of surprise came over Charlie's face but he settled into a state of apparent inattention and listlessness, and in a few minutes carefully took out a cigar, cut off the end and stepped out on the platform and into the smoker. One of the men muttered something to the others and seemed a little disturbed on account of the change made by the passenger. Once through the smoker Charlie dashed into the express car where sat the messenger with the conductor and baggage master. "Arm yourselves at once," he whispered, "there are robbers on the train." They were all quickly supplied with guns and revolvers, and Charlie and the baggage master stepped back into the smoking car and were chatting unconcernedly together, when the strange men came containing

through the car. Three of them passed out onto the platform, leaving the fourth inside of the smoker. As his three companions closed the door this man turned and was about to draw his revolver, when Charlie and the baggage master called to him to hold up his hands, which in the face of two cocked revolvers he seemed glad to do, and calling to their aid some of the astonished passengers soon had him bound. In the meantime the robber's three companions had bolted into the express car with drawn pistols only to be met by the order, "Don't stir or you are dead men," and wisely they stopped in their tracks, and when ordered to lay down their arms, did so at once, for the determined attitude of the conductor and messenger, and the persuasive influence of two Winchesters was more than they could face and disobey orders. As soon as the first man was secure, Charlie and the baggage master, with plenty of aid by this time, hurried forward and soon had the remaining three securely bound. The knowledge of the wondrous yet simple telegraphy had saved a large amount of money and perhaps lives, and all done with a lead pencil upon the pane. Now boys, send in your clubs and take hold of this most interesting part of electric communication. Send in your three full paid subscribers and get the "Perfect Telegraph Key" with alphabet and directions, and you can in a short time become quite an expert and derive much pleasure and profit from its use. Look out for the next article on "PRACTICAL ELECTRICITY FOR BOYS," and in the meantime send in your clubs—for our astonishing offer is printed this month for the last time.

Read How This Boy Cleared \$16.50.

Cheboygan, Mich., July 3, 1893.

Publishers of COMFORT,

Dear Sirs:—Seeing your generous offer to boys in the June number of COMFORT, I thought I would avail myself of its advantages. I had no paper of my own, so I started with my sister May's copy. I worked hard to get the 110 new yearly subscribers I herewith send you, but I consider myself fully paid. I may get fifty or a hundred more by canvassing the suburbs. I had my mother copy my list so that there would be no mistakes. Good-bye for the present.

Yours respectfully, THOMPSON J. MCCANN.

(110 new subscribers and \$11.00 enclosed.)

HOW A LADY ENJOYED A FREE TRIP TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

New Orleans, La., July 10, 1893.

My dear Edna:—You know my heart was set upon taking my two children to the World's Fair, but I found it would cost me over a hundred dollars all the way from this city, and like thousands of other women, I felt that I could not afford it. I worried about the matter until I had Nervous Prostration, when a neighbor brought me a sample of a wonderful Food for the nerves called Oxien, which gave me such strength that I concluded to take an agency. The very first week I cleared \$39.30, and the first month, \$229. This was last April, and we not only saw the Great Fair which was as good as a trip around the world, but had cash enough to spare for clothes and other comforts, and best of all the sale of Oxien brings me more and more money every day. Why, on the train to Chicago, I sold enough to give me over \$10 profit. I write you this letter to let you know how successful I have been, and do hope you will write to the manufacturers of Oxien, The Giant Oxie Co., Augusta, Me., who will send you samples and books, giving testimonials and terms to agents for their profit-sharing, money-bringing, health-giving article. It is put up so attractively that it sells at sight, and now at this season of the year with the depressing influences of summer, its Malarial disorders, fevers, sun-strokes, nervous prostration, stomach troubles and Cholera, it is really a God-send to humanity. You may be sure your sister Rose wishes you to investigate and take hold of this business very much. It has been so much benefit to us, and I know of one man who was cured about a year ago and began ordering \$5 and \$10 lots, who is now obliged to order in \$500 lots at a time to supply the increasing demands of his customers.

MARY ROSE EDGAR.

CASH FOR BOYS.

1. In order to enable every boy to study and experiment with the wonders of electricity, and to enable him to become a bread-winner and money-maker, the Publishers of COMFORT make the following extraordinary offer, which is open to BOYS ONLY, and which holds good until September 15th, 1893.

Every boy who will obtain a club of at least ten yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each—before September 15th, 1893, may keep 15 cents for each subscriber and send us the remaining 10 cents. He will thus earn \$1.50 for every club of 10 subscribers; and as COMFORT costs but 25 cents a year, and is the most interesting, original and instructive paper published anywhere, it is an easy thing for any live, enterprising lad to get up clubs not only of TENS and HUNDREDS, but of THOUSANDS. Get your relatives, friends, neighbors and acquaintances to help you and write to us for free specimen copies.

2. No club of less than 10 subscribers will be received under this offer, and the names of every club must all be sent at one and the same time, but every boy may get up as many clubs as he can, before September 15th.

3. Every club sent under this offer must be addressed Publishers of COMFORT, (Electrical Department), Augusta, Maine, and must be accompanied with the subscription money, either in P. O. or express money order, postal note, registered letter or postage stamps BEFORE SEPTEMBER 15TH.

ON WHEELS AND HOW I CAME THERE.



"A TRUE AND THRILLING NARRATIVE."
Told by himself, of a fifteen-year old Yankee boy as soldier and prisoner in the American Civil War. A real story for real boys and girls, heartily endorsed by Mrs. Gen. John A. Logan, Chaplain C. C. McCabe, Gen. Lew. Wallace and others. Attractively bound, colored cover; well printed; 338 pages; full-page illustrations. Given free for a club of 4 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents. Address: COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THE HEARTHSTONE

Has the largest paid in advance circulation of any similar periodical in the world.

THE HEARTHSTONE is a very large and very interesting, illustrated literary and family publication, eight mammoth pages, forty-eight columns.

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SHE LOVED HIM,
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NANCE,
BY EMMA W. PHILLIPS.
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BY WM. H. DANCER.
A MOMENT OF MADNESS,
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A HASTY WEDDING,
BY E. H. BURRAGE.

FOR MONEY OR FOR LOVE,
BY MONA CAIRD.
A SWEET GIRL GRADUATE,
BY ELLIS PEYTON.
MY FIRST OFFER,
BY MARY CECIL HAY.
LOVE'S RANDOM SHOT,
BY WILKIE COLLINS.
HELEN WHITNEY'S WEDDING,
BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.
ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE,
BY "THE DUCHESS."
A FATAL CHOICE,
BY ADELIN SARGEANT.
A PHANTOM LOVER,
BY VERNON LEE.
THE LOST BIRTHRIGHT,
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLASS.
THE GREEN LEDGER,
BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

Make No Mistake! The literary matter contained in the Twenty Complete Novels would ordinarily make twenty books similar to those sold at ten to twenty-five cents a copy, and would therefore cost \$2.00 to \$5.00.

Upon receipt of Twenty-five Cents, in silver, postage stamps or postal note, we will send THE HEARTHSTONE until January, 1894, and all the novels mentioned above. Not one novel but the whole list of Twenty. This vast amount of reading matter will afford you entertainment and pleasure for months.

A. D. PORTER, Publisher, 285 Broadway, New York.



PRIZE MONOGRAM WINNERS FOR AUGUST.

J. H. Sims,
Pearl Amoy, Helen E. Paul,
I. C. King,Dan T. Edwards,
Ernest J. Ingham,
J. J. Alexander,
W. S. Brown,
Henry Wood.

DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:

I am much gratified at the number and quality of the letters which come to this department in response to the offer of cash prizes so generously made by the publishers of this best of all papers.

Now I have just one suggestion to make. There are, as you all must know, even more liberal prizes offered in other departments—as the Busy Bee, and the Prize Puzzle Club. Why do you not all make a great effort to try for those, and the large ones which will be given later? Your letters and your zeal have both convinced me that many of you have talent and originality enough to compete in those departments, and I hope you will all try. Don't let such an opportunity pass unimproved. There is no easier way to earn \$10, or even \$25, for any of you, than by solving the prize puzzles; and surely, girls, you cannot intend to let the chance to get one of those Busy Bee prizes go by without trying for it. There is no other paper in the world that offers so many cash prizes to its subscribers. They are all bona-fide offers, too, from one of the most reliable firms in America. Now I hope you are going to take advantage of them; and I know that some of you are going to win that money.

Read over all the offers in COMFORT very carefully, and try to comply with the conditions. This is too good a chance to lose.

Now, as the World's Fair is uppermost in everybody's thoughts this year, I am going to introduce a cousin from Missouri, first:

"As Chicago is now the Mecca of the civilized world, a brief description of a part of this State's exhibit at the World's Fair may not be uninteresting to the cousins. The largest space allotted to any one State for an agricultural display has been given to Missouri. The designs arranged to fill this 3,200 square feet of space, will, it is claimed, be the finest and most unique ever presented in the history of farm exhibits. Here, Ceres, with lavish hand, shows forth the beauties and the bounties of the State's agricultural resources. In the display there are 150 varieties of wheat and one hundred varieties of grasses. Many ingenious designs are skillfully wrought from the cereals and minerals of the State. Among others are an equestrian statue of George Washington and at a short distance from this, a gorgeous Columbian pagoda. A wooden framework composes the base of this pagoda; in the sides are worked in grains and grasses the Missouri coat-of-arms, together with the seal of the United States and a Columbian souvenir; from this arises a spire of neatly woven grains; surmounting all appears a conspicuous map of Missouri. In this design a diminutive lake contains the native fish of the State. Did you know that Missouri is a mining State also? The largest known deposit of iron ore is in the southern part of this State. Zinc is largely found. Coal underlies nearly the whole of the State. Other minerals are found, but not in such marked quantities. The exhibit of this State will, when the Exposition closes, be turned over to the State University at this place."

J. H. SIMS, Columbia, Mo.

As nearly everybody drinks tea, either as a daily or an occasional luxury, the following is both interesting and instructive:

"The tea-plant is cultivated in China through about eleven degrees of latitude, but it will grow in almost any temperate climate. It is grown on hillsides at an elevation extending to 400 feet, requiring an inch deep soil, good drainage and abundant sunlight. When the old leaves become hard and tough the old wood must be cut out when new shoots will be produced. Thus a tree remains useful during a generation. The plants will grow thirty to forty feet high but are kept pruned down to a height of from three to five feet. The stem is about a foot through and the plants should stand about five feet apart. The leaves are not gathered until the third year. There are four pickings in the dry and five in the wet seasons with intervals of from four to six weeks between. The process of picking is simple; the work being done by women and children. The old and fibrous leaves are left on the trees and the young leaves are stripped by hand, an inch of the soft succulent stalk being taken with them. A woman will gather sixteen to twenty pounds a day. In the third season a plant yields one-half a pound of raw leaves, but in two years the yield is vastly increased. The average yield is three hundred and twenty pounds of dried tea per acre. It takes four pounds of green leaves to make one pound of dried. Full grown leaves are from five to nine inches long. The next step is that of drying and preserving the leaves. They are dried in pans, heated with straw or charcoal. The leaves are moved by the hand, the heat is equally applied, and there is no smoke. Rapid drying keeps the color green, while the longer and slower drying and exposure to the air produces black tea. The heat makes the leaf supple for rolling. The flavoring of tea is a well-known process, which is effected by placing the tea leaves, while in the process of manufacture, in contact with the aromatic flowers of plants which have delicate and agreeable odors and do not add to the chemical or dietetic value of tea."

PEARL AMOY, Box 390, Ellenville, Ulster Co., N. Y.

This is a most entertaining letter, and I recommend every Cousin to study not only its material but its style. Here is something on an entirely different subject, but none the less interesting:

"You have all no doubt heard of the pictured rocks of Lake Superior; but if your conception of them is as vague and far from the truth as my own was before I saw them, you may perhaps, be interested in hearing how they really appeared to me viewed under the most favorable conditions. We were a party of school teachers going for our summer vacation, on board one of the Lake Superior steamers. The weather was perfect and the good-natured Captain, hearing us express a desire to see the famous rocks, consented to run out of his course in order that we might approach them. When we were ten miles away—so clear is the atmosphere—we began to see looming up, like the creations of the Arabian Nights, two cities. They were apparently built of various colored stones and in all styles of architecture. Here a brown-stone mansion, there a marble palace with white towers

gleaming in the sun. Houses painted pink and others in different shades of yellow—all forming a most harmonious picture. Streets laid out at right angles with marble pavements; but no busy throng was visible, not even a solitary figure; all was silent and deserted. In one quarter there seemed to have been a fire; all was charred and blackened. We designated this the Burnt District. Our boat ran up to within one-half a mile and still the picture stood out quite as distinctly. The 'Grand Portal' which you sometimes see pictured with a steamboat passing through it, has become impassable for any but small craft, owing to the crumbling rock. 'Sail Rock' looked brown and dirty; but old Lake Superior is not averse; it is deep, dark blue and oh, so treacherous!

HELEN E. PAUL, Ontonagon, Mich.
P.S. I forgot to say that I haven't seen so excellent a paper offered for the price as COMFORT. The number of good things in it is worth five times the price. Nothing cheap or trashy in it. Long may it Comfort us all."

Thanks! such words of praise are exceedingly pleasant to the publishers and editors of this paper—all of whom are determined to make it so good that the million and a quarter homes where it is a regular visitor shall echo your postscript. By the way, the artist who furnished this illustration evidently had not seen the 'pictured rocks' or else he took a rear view!

There are so many natural wonders in the West that the following story about Colorado cannot fail to interest the Cousins:

"Have any of the readers of COMFORT ever made a visit to Colorado Springs or Manitou. Those who can should certainly see this beautiful portion of our country. Colorado Springs is an exceedingly pretty town, with a very large number of magnificent residences, quite the equal of St. Louis, Chicago or other large cities. Handsome parks adorn many portions of the city, with ever-flowing fountains of water from the mountain, cold as ice. A half hour's ride on the railroad brings you to beautiful Manitou, the loveliest and most romantic spot that Nature ever made. Here are the far-famed mineral springs. Here also can be purchased numerous ornaments carved out of agate, carnelian, ruby, turquoise, onyx and other precious stones collected on and around Pike's Peak. The collection of beautiful articles at the museum at the principal spring is a sight well worth seeing. I saw a teacup and saucer, each carved out of a solid piece of red carnelian, this as an egg-shell; the price was \$90. From Manitou starts the railroad to the top of Pike's Peak. Many still prefer to undertake the tiresome climb on foot. All around Manitou are beautiful walks, the Ute trail being one of them. Little cottages are perched up on the top of very high rocks, and look as if a strong puff of wind would blow them down. The wild flowers abound and handsome gardens, too, kept in luxuriant bloom by the system of irrigation. The scenery is grand—words fail to describe its magnificence. It must be seen to be appreciated, and then it will remain a life-long memory. The trip to the Cheyenne Canon and the Garden of the Gods, a little distance from Manitou, will repay any one who makes it. In reading the other day, I came across a reminiscence of the latter place, which is not, I think, generally known. When Helen Hunt Jackson first visited Colorado, she came across a most beautiful garden, and on making inquiries found it belonged to an old colored man and wife, whose names were Jupiter and Juno. Well, said she, 'this should be called the Garden of the Gods.' If our young readers look in a mythology they will find all about Jupiter and Juno, famous gods of antiquity. The general impression is, I think, that the name was given that spot on account of the large group of curious stones that look as if they might be statues."

I. C. KING, Box 464, Oswego, LaBette Co., Kansas.

Now let us hear how they raise sheep on the big ranches in Montana:

"The wool interest is the leading interest in our new State of Montana. A herd of sheep numbers from two thousand to three thousand. They are tended by one man and a dog who goes with them on the range during the day, and brings them to his camp at night. The sheep are bunched up in the camp where they remain during the night. The herder generally occupies a tent to cook and sleep in. Sometimes the sheep leave the bed-ground, when the herder has to arise and bring them back. During May, when the young lambs are coming, instead of one man there are five or six, and plenty of work for all. In a herd of two thousand, about one hundred lambs come sometimes in a day. These are kept in small bunches until they are four or five days old, when the bunches are put together to form a herd under the care of one herder and his dog. I wish all the Cousins could see the kind and intelligent shepherd dog. In June the herd is driven to the shearing-pens and shorn of their winter coats. These are packed into sacks and shipped to dealers in the East, bringing the profit to the wool grower. The shearing is done by crews of six to twelve men who can shear one hundred sheep apiece in a day."

DAN F. EDWARDS, Box 44, Red Lodge, Montana.

By this time the Cousins are ready to leave the great West, I am sure, and come to the historic State of Pennsylvania, about which so much that is interesting can be said:

"Our State was the second to ratify the Constitution of the U. S., drawn up at Philadelphia in 1787. David Wilmut, who offered Congress the 'Wilmut Proviso,' (a bill forbidding slavery in any territory which should be acquired) was a resident of this county, and the township where I live is named after him. His remains are buried at Towanda, our county-seat. Visitors to this region are always struck with the beauty of the scenery. Along the Susquehanna river, just opposite our village on the bottom lands, the Moravians founded a village and church in 1765-72. The settlement was named 'Friedenshueten.' The main street was eighty feet wide. The place numbered twenty-nine log houses, with windows and chimneys, thirteen huts, a church, a school-house, and a mission house. Between the town and the river were two hundred and fifty acres of rich bottom land, upon which they cultivated corn. In 1787 they built a larger church, with a bell, the first ever heard in this valley. The population numbered one hundred and fifty souls. The site of Friedenshueten is marked by a granite monument. About one and one-half miles north of us, just under the river bank is the famous Teheupke Spring (Indian name for Cold Spring) a great resort for fishermen, campers, and picnickers. A favorite resort and camping-ground of the Indians, was the beautiful island between the opposite shore and this, and now, as the river is washing it away, we find their broken pottery, burnt stones and shells, showing the remains of their camp-fires. In my grandfather's time, there were some peach trees planted by the Moravians on this island. About a mile below our village the river cuts through a gap in the mountains, not unlike the famous Delaware Water Gap, and makes a great bend like a horse-shoe. It is four miles around by the river, and only one and one-half miles across the neck."

ERNEST J. INGHAM, Sugar Run, Pa.

As this Cousin has mentioned the Moravians I will give an extract from a North Carolina letter which also speaks of their quaint customs. It is not generally known, I think, that there were no Moravians in that State:

"Let me tell the Cousins about the Moravian Easter Sunday morning service. If you are so fortunate as to be in the city of Winston, or in Salem, on Easter Sabbath, you will be awakened about 4 o'clock by the music of a band. No time then for more sleep if you are to attend the sunrise service. Going to the Moravian graveyard we find the neatly kept graves covered with the choicest flowers of the season, and by half past five o'clock hundreds of people have assembled. In the distance strains of music are heard, and presently a procession of several hundred more, including the students of the Salem Female Academy, march in and take their places. Standing there among that vast crowd of people, not a sound disturbing the quietness and solemnity of the occasion, there rings out on the morning air the voice of the Moravian bishop, reading the story of Christ's resurrection; then after a prayer and a song or two, the benediction is pronounced and the crowd disperses. I think no one could regret a visit to the quaint old Moravian town of Salem. The old hotel in which George Washington spent a night while on a visit to this town is still standing."

ROXIE E. SHEETS, Box 62, Lexington, N. C.

Here is a hint for some Cousin; who can supply the information?

"Will some one give some description of games played by Indian and Esquimaux children and, if possible, the rhymes they use? Such information would be very helpful and much appreciated by a clergyman's sister."

ELISE BUCHAN.

As an evidence that COMFORT is gaining favor in houses where there are children we print the following:

"I am a teacher in a Sunday-school. About 125 children attend it every Sunday. The teachers have a meeting once a month. At a recent meeting we decided to give each child that was old enough to read, who would attend regularly and not miss a Sunday from New Year's until Christmas, a paper or magazine for one year free, the teachers to pay for the same. We were to decide by vote on the paper. As I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for some time, I took my papers with me when I went to the meeting, and gave them to the other teachers to read. When the votes were counted COMFORT came out ahead. So it was decided that this should be the paper. As there is something for everybody in each number, each child who receives COMFORT free for one year will be more than pleased with it."

ORA C. HANSTETTER, Box 393, Richmond, Ind.

This is an excellent plan, and one to be commended to teachers everywhere, both in Sunday and day-schools. With our excellent Children's Circle, our Prize Puzzle Club and our Nutshell Story columns, COMFORT has much to interest young people. Indeed I have yet to hear of a child that does not like it. A Cousin whose name is familiar to us all wants to tell us how they make adobes in New Mexico.

"Adobes (or in Western parlance, 'dobys') are made by first throwing dirt of an adhesive nature into a pit; next, pouring in water to thoroughly soak it; and then, with a hoe, or other implement mixing the mud very thoroughly, so that no lumps will mar the perfected adobe. Sometimes cattle, or horses, are driven around the pit to mash hard lumps. When the mud is mixed to suit, a barrow or hand-board is brought into service to convey the mortar to the moulder. The moulds are of lumber, usually seven inches wide, fourteen inches long and four inches thick, and four or five moulds are joined together. The moulder sits on the ground and rakes enough mud from the barrow or board to fill them. He shoves the mud into the moulds, lifts his moulds (which have no bottom) leaving the mud to dry. Large yards are leveled off for 'dobys.' The adobes are left twelve hours on one side then 'edged' up for six or eight hours to dry the bottoms. They are very durable and last hundreds of years. Adobes as made in New Mexico, are identical with the bricks described by the Bible as being manufactured by the Israelites in Egypt. Among those made by Americans, a difference exists, as the 'Gringos' do not use straw. At Tularosa (Valley of Roses) New Mexico, nearly every dwelling is enclosed by a wall of concreted adobes, moulded on the walls. Some of these are covered with cacti and fruit-bearing trees and vines."

JAS. W. MULLENS, Roswell, New Mexico.

After this interesting account, for which we are deeply grateful, you will like to read how they make brick—a process not very different from the making of adobes:

"The clay from which they are made is first soaked with water and left to stand until the clay is thoroughly wet, when it is shoveled into the 'grum,' a kind of mill, where it is thoroughly mixed and deposited on a table. It is then molded into bricks and these are carried out and laid on a smooth yard where they lie till morning when they are turned on their edges and left again till night; when they are piled up in long rows six to seven bricks deep and covered with boards to keep the water off. In this position they are called 'Kacks,' and left to stand about three days, when they are wheeled into a large shed with open sides and piled up, leaving arches or tunnels at the bottom from one side to the other. When this pile, or kiln, as it is called, is finished, several layers of bad brick are placed on the sides and top and the sides plastered with mud. A fire is then kindled in the arches and kept up for several days, till the bricks are hardened and their color is changed to red, when they are ready for use."

HENRY WOOD, Box 181, Coin, Iowa.

The Cousin who tells us about the Apache Indians, furnished us with the pencil-drawing of their abodes. He says:

"This sketch represents an Apache wigwag, as rude a dwelling, it is believed, as any race of human beings have been known to construct for abodes. These huts are usually isolated in some mountain gorge, near a rivulet or spring, and are composed of broken branches of trees. They are covered with weeds, grass or earth, such as may be obtained most readily. A large flat or concave stone, upon which they grind corn or grass seed into flour, is the only utensil or article of furniture that they do not remove in their wanderings. Visits to the houses of Mexicans or their more enterprising Indian neighbors, excite no desire to improve their condition by

the erection of more comfortable habitations. Tents they do not use, even when robbed from Mexicans or some poor party of emigrants, surprised and murdered. The Tontos, Yampais, and most of the Apache Indians within New Mexico and California are equally barbarous and rude in the construction of their habitations."

JOHN MAHONEY, Vicksburg, Miss.

Just here I want to ask the readers of this department if they know a man by the name of Albert Vanscholack? and if so, will they write to his aged and sorrowing mother, Mrs. Annie Vanscholack, Avenue City, Andrews Co., Missouri? Whether he is alive or dead she does not know.

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would like to be the means of bringing her news of her missing son.

Here is a pleasant account of a journey from St. Louis to San Francisco:

"From the hour you leave St. Louis you will find everything new, curious and wonderful. There are plains with antelopes, buffaloes, prairie-dogs, ground-hogs and numerous other wild animals. The mountains, which, as you approach Denver, lift up their glorious snow-capped summits, the deep canyons and gorges with their grim, grand scenery, and the indescribable loveliness and beauty of the distant mountain ranges. We thought the glory of our journey was ended after seeing the canon, but the beautiful mountains gave us new delight. Then there is the grand, stormy rush down the Sierra, followed as we drew near the lower levels by the sight of men engaged in gold-mining. Long channels in which they conduct the water for their operation, run for miles near the track, and below a certain mountain we could see men setting the water against the great hills to get out the gold from the gravel. The entrance into San Francisco is as wonderful and charming as Fairyland. Passing down from Summit the country seems different and richer than elsewhere. The farm dwellings with their broad piazzas speak of a summer climate; even the flowers along the roadside seem new to Eastern eyes; and at every turn in the road fresh surprises await us. We reached San Francisco by passing through the great Sacramento Plain, and it is a city. Thus to the last hour of your journey some new scene opens to the eyes."

J. J. ALEXANDER, Fayetteville, Ga.

How many of you have ever taken a ride in the cab of a locomotive? A Cincinnati Cousin gives us a vivid description of his experience.

"Dressed in an old but warm suit of clothes, I mounted the engine and waited anxiously for the train to start. With a groan the great iron horse starts on its journey. It is now five o'clock in the afternoon, and we are due one hundred miles away at eight. Faster and faster we go, up grade and down, now running at full speed, only stopping when a station is reached, or slowing up at a bridge. It is now dusk and the headlight is lit. Darkness only tends to add to the charm. Hark! Two shots as if from a gun. No, we have run over some torpedoes, signifying 'caution,' trains ahead. Two shrieks of the whistle give notice that the warning is understood, and all is quiet again, except for the incessant click, click, as the wheels run over the joints of the rails. I have traveled in a Pullman when the train went faster, but the swaying and panting of the engine and the wind sweeping through the cab, make it seem as though we were flying through the air. Again, two blasts of the whistle and the train slows up. A brakeman stands on the track swinging a red lantern. We have overtaken a freight train and must wait until it side tracks. Only a few minutes delay, but those few minutes must be made up, so the throttle is pulled open a little wider. At last the end is at hand. The train rolls into the depot on time and all is bustle and confusion. As I descend to the platform I see the passengers leaving the well-kept cars all looking neat and clean. I am covered with soot, but I do not envy them, for I would not have exchanged my seat in the engine cab for the best seat in the parlor car."

W. S. BROWN, Fairmount Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

There are a good many more letters in my budget this month; but I cannot open them for want of space. I shall have to save them until next time. Remember the competition in all the departments where prizes are offered, closes in September. Now, let us see what you can do to win the prize.

AUNT MINERVA.

OUR FOREIGN VILLAGES.

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HERE is no place in America where one can see, within the boundary of one square mile, a dozen or more foreign villages inhabited by natives of their respective countries, except at the World's Fair in Chicago. Most of these characteristic spots are located on the Midway Plaisance. In walking down this broad avenue, one comes first upon the Irish village, which is an exact reproduction of the little cozy hamlets of Ireland. In fact, there are two Irish villages, and near the Plaisance, and quite similar in general appearance. The one maintained by Lady Aberdeen is headed by a copy of the famous Blarney Castle, with a facade of the world-renowned "blarney-stone" over the entrance; and the other is entered through Drogheda gate to Donegal. It was at Donegal, you know, that Mrs. Hart found the peasants nearly perishing with hunger four years ago; and where she, with the help of others, established manufacturing industries, that gave the people employment and rescued them from starvation. These industries are all represented at the Irish village. In the upper end, is a dairy where "attain-milk" and "skim-milk" and fresh butter are sold. Two rosy-cheeked dairy-maids and one or two men do the work, with the same utensils they use at home. Three cows are kept outside the Park limits, and furnish material for the exhibition of the dairy industry.

Beyond the dairy is a square old-fashioned room, which is a fac-simile of the Irish living-room. The rude bog-wood chairs, over 100 years old, square settles and mantles; the picture on the wall; the candlesticks; the loom in the corner; the low old-fashioned spinning-wheel with the old-time cards lying beside it; all represent to many a visitor, the home they left behind them in the "old-country." A pretty girl sits at the spinning wheel, which has been used by four generations. It is not like those still seen in American rural districts, but small, and resembling those we know as the "flax-wheel." Now and then she stops, and taking up the "cards"—which are made like our ordinary coarse curry-combs and deftly makes "rolls" from heaps of colored wool at her side.

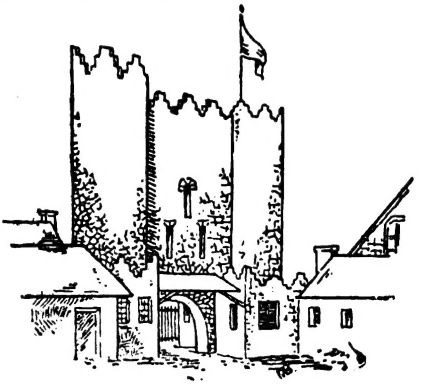
Over at the loom sits another girl weaving up the products of the spinning wheel, and outside the door are buckets of dye of bracken and heather and lichen. Beyond are other cottages, and in the court-yard is a neat little jaunting-car, in the lace cottage, girls are busy making pillow and torcheon and Irish prochet laces.

The wood-carvers' straw-thatched cottage, contains a patient old man, sitting steadily at the Celtic cross or the blackthorn shillelagh. Across the way is the village smithy, with a brawny man pounding iron bars into artistic rods. Stone carving and flax-weaving, the village piper, and the wishing-chair of Giant's Causeway are other features of these villages. The German village is the next one in order. Stepping through an old gate the visitor is in the midst of a cluster of quaint old German houses. Some are painted in gaudy colors; but several are old weather-beaten and unpainted ones, with here and there a bare cross-beam, and under the eaves, clusters of braided straw beehives, such as one seen in old German pictures. Stout, jolly-looking men and women from the "fader-land" sell beer and glass trinkets from gaily colored booths, and beyond the houses is a genuine beer-garden with a brass-band, and plenty of cheerful customers.

The wanderer through the Plaisance comes into a strange scene, when he enters the street in Cairo. Egyptians in native costume display their wares in characteristic shapes; strange drinks are served in strange palaces; and at the head of all, the old Egyptian Temple, covered with hieroglyphics and flanked by two great obelisks, stands guard. Inside is the great astrologer and fortune-teller, who with mystic ceremony, reveals your future, according to time-honored oriental customs.

Farther down is the Indian village. This is a model of the Mogul habitations of northern Arizona, and shows the strange kinds of pottery, the handsome Mogul blankets, and the methods of bread-making of this tribe.

Near by are the Chinese theatre and a few Celestial houses. Across the street is the Dahomey village. It occupies a large space fenced in with a high barrier made of rough bark. The cottages—also of bark—are along the sides, and a large Pavilion is in the center for dancing. This is covered with canvas and shields the Dahomey women from the hot sun while they perform their native war-dances. These women are dressed in a uniform consisting simply of a sword, a club and a fringe of feathers, which serves for a loin-cloth. This village is an absolute monarchy, ruled by terror. The Dahomeyites steal as naturally as they breathe, but they get roundly trounced for it. Before they left their native country, the King had several of his followers' heads cut off, to show the rest what would happen if they do not obey him over here. At night a superintendent goes through the Dahomey village and if any one is out of his assigned place, he gets thrashed all the way back to his quarters. They live on boiled beef and raw corn on the ear. The women are called



IN THE IRISH VILLAGE.

Amazons. They do no camp-work. At home they do all the fighting. Those who are in search of a place where extreme "woman's rights" are actually in force, should go to the Dahomey village.

Another African Village is from the free, Christian, negro state of Liberia. Here can be seen a strange mixture of exhibits; a stuffed rhinoceros, snake-skins, all sorts of queer daggers, a crazy-quilt made of other and squirrel-skins, and native wares. Liberia has 2,500,000 people but only 40,000 of them are civilized; therefore while it has a president and cabinet, it also has painted chiefs and plenty of natives dressed only in tiger-skins and cotton handkerchiefs. The huts are built of plaited reeds thatched with big gummy leaves. Among the Liberian wares are grass-woven hammocks, crude India rubber, rice, stone idols, mats, dug-outs and modern gun-boats.

The street in Old Vienna is a most attractive place as it represents life in an Austrian village. Inside the imposing front are queer old plastered houses, which contain many curious wares. The beautiful Bohemian glass-ware which has long been popular is perhaps the most characteristic of all.

The Javanese village has already been described in COMFORT's World's Fair letter and a recent children's article. Across the street from it is a peculiar house which was brought from the Samoan Islands and is still the property of Mataafa, the deposed ruler. It is five feet high, shaped like a tent, and composed entirely of bread-fruit wood, which is the only wood grown on these islands that the ants will not eat.

The Turkish village is all under one roof, and is really nothing more nor less than a great bazaar. More has been written, probably, about the Esquimaux village than any other. Their huts are very primitive affairs, and these poor natives of a frigid country look very uncomfortable in their seal-skin clothes.

The cliff-dwellers in the northeastern corner of the grounds, the Soudanese huts, the Dutch settlement, the Algerians, and the Japanese Hooten palace on a wooded island in the lagoon, complete the list of our foreign villages.

Truly, the Midway Plaisance might well be called the Street of All Nations.

ODDITIES.

The longest rope ever made has just been completed for a cable-train in Australia. It is over 30,000 feet long, and weighs thirty-six tons.

It is estimated that if all the money in the world was equally divided amongst civilized people, every person would get \$35 as his share.

A beautiful example of the principle of rotation lies in the fact that West Indians eat alligator's eggs, and alligators eat West Indians.

If a native of Japan wants to swear, he must learn some other language, for "fool" and "scoundrel" are the strongest words in the Japanese tongue.

Small silk handkerchiefs, so fine that they could be crumpled into a thimble, were recently smuggled into New York drawn through tubes of macaroni, and the whole passed off as boxes of that Italian luxury.

It is shown by statistics that only 3.34 per cent of the shots fired in warfare are fatal. Napoleon once estimated that every dead soldier represented his weight in dead bullets, which does not seem far wrong.

A man on trial for murder in Nashville, Tennessee, a few weeks ago, was asked by the prosecuting attorney if he had killed the victim. He replied by asking God to strike him dead if he had. The next instant he fell dead!

A two-quart jug and an earthen bottle were found hidden in the hay on a farm which belonged to two misers in Illinois, just deceased. Inside was discovered \$7,000 in gold, making, in all, \$34,000 that has been found on the premises.

Paderewski, the great pianist, known as the "human chrysalis," is about to marry a New York belle. He recently injured one of his fingers, and was obliged to rest for a time, which entailed upon him an estimated financial loss of \$55 a minute.

The brown bear is said to be very fond of tobacco smoke, as has been proved with tame or captive ones. Goats, lions, stags and llamas—as well as high bred horses—have also evinced a peculiar fondness for it, much to the dismay of anti-tobacco societies.

A pair of twins, weighing 3 and 2-1/4 lbs. respectively, were recently born in Lynn, Mass. They were kept, the first three weeks of their lives, in a wooden box, like an incubator on a small scale. They are both doing well, although they are still wearing doll's clothes.

A tiny fox-terrier has distinguished herself as an electrician in London. She has been trained to lay wires by dragging them through the conduits with the pipes attached to her collar. Most of the underground wire-laying of the past few months has been accomplished by her aid.

A piece of candle that belonged to Priscilla Mullens of the Pilgrim Colony is still in existence down in Maine. It is a short, yellow piece of beeswax candle, two inches long, and very yellow and dried with age. It is a relic of the terrible winter when starvation and disease reduced the colony in 1620 just one half.

A Harvard professor in a lecture on tornadoes, says that during them, doors, windows and even the four corners of buildings are blown outward; also that chickens caught in cyclones are often stripped of their feathers, and mad is driven into clothing with such force that repeated washings will not remove it.

The latest London fad is for dukes to paint or rouge their faces, pencil their eye-lashes and brows, and otherwise make themselves up like a society woman, or an actress. Monocles and lorgnettes are still the fashion for these exquisites, and it will probably not be long before New York and other American cities will be blessed with the painted duke.

The time may come when we shall all "live in glass houses." An English architect advocates the use of large blocks of glass, instead of stone or brick,

and they are already being manufactured for the purpose to some extent. Glass houses would be moisture proof, and if colored glass were used they might be modeled after the rainbow.

A French statistician has proved that men are gradually growing shorter. In 1610 their average height was 5 ft. 9 in., in 1790, it was 5 ft. 8 in., in 1820, it was 5 ft. 5 in., and at present it is only 5 ft. 3-4 in. It is also shown that in the year 4000 A.D. men will be about 15 inches high, and in a few thousand years more the world will have to come to an end, as there will be nothing left of them.

A strange explanation is given of the big fire in the Litchfield Flour Mills. Flour dust is a powerful explosive. When the air in a mill holds the right quantity of this dust the slightest spark, a lighted match, a burning cigar, anything with fire, causes an explosion. Of course, if not promptly attended to, the mills where the explosion occurs take fire and disastrous consequences ensue.

The fashionable way of committing suicide in the East Indies, is to jump into a well. It is said there is hardly a well in Bombay that has not been used for that purpose. A device has now been placed in all wells there to prevent suicide. It consists of a hoop of wood or metal, over which is stretched a net of light tarred rope with four inch meshes. This catches the would-be victim and saves him in spite of himself.

Among the queer things which were smelted to make the Columbian Bell, which Mrs. Cleveland cast at the opening of the Exposition, were a spoon belonging to John T. Calhoun, a fruit knife belonging to Lucretia Mott, a link from the watch chain Abraham Lincoln wore at the time of his assassination, mementoes from Alexander Hamilton and General Schuyler, a dozen dints taken from the room in which Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, a lock from his gun, and about a thousand more.

A farmer near Augusta, Ill., dug a well 77 feet deep before he struck water, when the auger suddenly fell through. The hole was plugged up with clay and debris and the well filled with water, but suddenly the entire bottom fell out, carrying all but about five feet of the walls with it. Nothing was then left but a deep hole in the ground at the bottom of which could be seen a swift, rushing stream. Rubbish, stones, logs and other debris, have been cast into it, but the rushing current carries it away almost instantly. Efforts have been made to sound the depth of the subterranean stream, but so far entirely in vain.

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No. 9. One Improved Salmon Fly. Of the best pattern, and perfect shape and color, sure to rise and catch the fish. No. 10. Two Snell Hooks and Gut. These hooks are set on long guts, and where fish cut the lines one of these snell hooks can be easily used, the gut cannot be severed, and the fish every time.

These artificial flies and snells alone are worth the amount asked for the entire outfit.

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THE sound of human footsteps will sometimes give a man an astonishing amount of presence of mind.

A few nights ago a young couple were seated in the parlor of a Beau Avenue mansion. They were alone, and as the gas was turned down very low they could scarcely see one another. That is why they sat on one and the same sofa; and as they did not want to get lost, and did not want to disturb anybody in that big dark house, he held on to the little lady's hand. He was talking to her in a solemn, low whisper, and had got as far as: "I cannot put it off any longer, may I call you my own dar—," when footsteps were heard in the hall. Although only seven seconds elapsed before her father stepped into their presence, the gas was burning as bright as day; she was sitting on the solitary little gilded chair near the window, while he reclined in the rocker at the farther end of the room, and

was explaining to her in a firm clear voice, that if Congress repealed the silver bill, the present stringency in the money market would be materially relieved, and that in his opinion the late war was a fearful struggle.

"Succumbed to the influence of lead poisoning," is the way in which a cultured literary lady from Boston tells the world that her hero died with his boots on.

Capturing a Kisser.



of life, leaves them no more chance for a harp than a snowball has in the heat by-and-bye.

Here is what a local paper says:

The famous "no courting in the parks" order has been tested judicially and decided by the court to be perfectly legal.

Since the law was passed there have been made a number of arrests, and Justice Timothy Maloney, who presides at the Eastern Police Station, has generally imposed a fine of \$20 and costs on the male offender, the affectionate lady getting off with a fine of \$5. As a rule the offenders have paid their fines, but Leroy Penn, a colored gentleman, who was the last victim, was not willing to pay or stay in jail as a penalty for kissing his sweetheart in the park.

Mr. Penn and Annie Paine were arrested Monday night. Annie paid her fine, but Leroy was committed in default. He sent for Lawyer William H. Daniels, who secured a writ of habeas corpus in behalf of his client. Daniels contended that the commitment was defective; that Justice Maloney was not vested with the authority to send Penn to jail in default of the fine; that the rule prohibiting courting in the parks is improper, and that his client was not courting, but merely holding a tete-a-tete with his companion.

The criminal court was crowded when the case was called. Judge Harland's decision was in favor of the Park Board and against the prisoner, who will either have to pay the fine or remain in jail.

Now, that may be high-toned justice, but it will strike plain people that the decision is all wrong, and we hope the case will be appealed.

In the first place, the kiss is in reality an act of Providence just as rain, lightning, hail, etc. And, as not even a Baltimore judge would be likely to fine a man for having been struck by lightning, he cannot legally punish him for having been hit by a kiss.

In the second place, the "no courting law" clearly conflicts with the principle of equal rights, inasmuch as it places a cash value of \$20 on the male kiss, while the equally fresh female kiss is taxed at but \$5. If the peace and dignity of a Baltimore park can be damaged at all by a simple and perfectly natural act of courting—colored or otherwise—it follows that the same market value must be placed upon the kiss of the girl as upon that of her sweetheart—at least, so long as it is not in evidence that the kisses exchanged were of a different species, size or quality.

But the chief reason why the act should be killed is because it is unconstitutional.

It is a principle of law, older than any park commissioner who ever captured a kisser, that no man shall be required to do that which is impossible; and every man knows, or ought to know, that it is simply impossible to picnic in a park with a Baltimore belle and not kiss her.

In this connection it is our pleasure and duty to bring to the favorable notice of park frequenters and others, a discovery by which the inconvenience, indignity, and financial loss, imposed by the obnoxious law in question, may be happily avoided. We refer to the Kinsabby Kiss Transmitter, an ingenious electrical invention which is easily attached to any telephone, and by means of which kissing is accomplished by wire.

Those who have tested this wonderful little instrument, speak of it in the most enthusiastic

terms, and all agree that the new process in no wise diminishes the force or flavor of the kiss, but that, on the contrary, the latter is delivered and received with the same ecstatic thrill and sweet-sounding smack which characterizes the open air article that retails at \$20 in the Baltimore market.

The new transmitter will be placed before the public on the 31st of next month—not as a matter of business, but purely for COMFORT. And, in the meantime, the inventor will be most happy to demonstrate, free of cost, to any young ladies of Baltimore who are afflicted with heart hunger but object to paying \$5 for gratifying it, the advantages of his discovery.

FOR sixty-three years Hezekiah Meadowgrass had wrestled with the frigid snow shovel and waltzed about in Arctic overshoes up in Midwinter Minnesota, without ever worrying as to what the wild waves were saying. He had, in fact, never smelt salt water in all his life, and that is precisely why his nephew in New York, whom he visited last month, thought it would be a great treat for him to go to Coney Island and see the blue billows of the briny deep kiss the silvery sands of that blistering beach.

It was a new world that unfolded itself to the astonished uncle as he gazed upon the huge hash gymnasiums, the merry-go-rounds, the water toboggan, shooting galleries, chest-expanding, muscle-hardening, and other appetite-developing devices which enable the sleek and nimble-fingered New Yorker to make a large-sized living by the sweat of other peoples' brow.

The trip would, of course, have been incomplete without a surf bath, and when the nephew invited the old gentleman to step up to the bathing suit emporium and select an outfit, he good-naturedly consented, saying, however, as he picked up one of the queer, sleeveless garments, that he would "look like a sick monkey with a yellow mustache in a pair of those sawed-off circus tights." And it was with some misgivings that he deposited his Waterbury watch for safe keeping, and locked himself up in the little booth assigned to him, for the purpose of making the necessary change in his apparel.

When he finally slyly sallied forth, even those with sand in their eyes could see that while Uncle Hezekiah's estimate as to the size of the next wheat crop might be excellent, he had made an exceedingly wild guess as to his own shape. Had he attempted to compress his robust form into the spindle-shaped pantelettes of the divine Sarah Bernhardt, he could not have attracted more attention, for he looked as much out of place as a fresh water mermaid in a pasture of Canada thistles.

Game to the last, however, he met the nephew on the beach and boldly struck out for the bounding billows, where he frolicked among the pretty girls, who were clad in sweet smiles—and bathing suits that struck him as the most economical thing he had yet run up against in the East.

Although he was not at all thirsty, he swallowed any quantity of salt water during his dips, filled his whiskers and hair with sand, and soon was ready to come out.

Wading up the beach, he glanced at his numbered key and timidly searched for his room in the long line of bath houses. He was nearly struck dumb when, upon inserting the key in the lock, there arose from within a series of hysterical shrieks.

With visions of bunco games and green-goods swindlers rising up before him, Mr. Meadowgrass attempted to force the stubborn lock. The uproar that now met his frantic efforts resembled the vocal kick that greets the umpire when he calls three strikes on a member of the Chicago Base Ball Club. It was even worse, for the party of the second part was evidently a woman.

The old man's knees knocked together with fright, but he stood his ground like an Indian fighter. A huge crowd quickly gathered, and a polite attendant attempted to explain that there was evidently some mistake. But the old gentleman's blood was up. He insisted that his clothes were in that coop, and he would have them in spite of all the women in creation, and if he had to lick every man on the island.

At this, half a dozen special policemen attempted to "run him in" for disturbing the public peace and private dignity of the place, when, fortunately, his nephew appeared on the scene.

Upon quietly pulling the key out of the lock it was discovered that Mr. Meadowgrass had read the number of his room wrong side up.

Although it was only a small affair, as his nephew assured him, the old gentleman left for Minnesota that night.

One day last week, when a servant girl up in the sand hill district of Augusta answered the front door bell, she found a ragged tramp at the other end of it who asked if he might "come in and have a sit." This so frightened Bridget that she swooned away herself, while her caller helped himself to a fifty dollar overcoat he found hanging on the hat-rack, and departed leaving a note saying it was the best fit he had ever had.

A correspondent from Leftfield, Louisiana, wants to know "who teaches women to steal?" Why, the husbands who make their wives beg for everything they give them.

Wise Words of a Departed Philosopher.

Flattery is like cologne water—to be smelt of, not swallowed.

The man who hasn't a well-balanced head usually parts his hair in the middle.

"Love at first sight" is the greatest labor saving discovery known to society.

All things should be true to nature—a hornet that can't sting is a melancholy failure.

If you are blessed with a home and a mother-in-law, pay for her board at some good hotel.

Half the troubles of this life can be traced to saying "yes" too quick, and not saying "no" quick enough.

Any man who can swap horses and catch fish and not lie about it, is just about as pious as men ever get in this world.

Don't swap with your relations unless you can afford to give them the big end of the trade.

Success doesn't depend upon never making a blunder, but upon never making the same blunder a second time.



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